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Vol. 33-41, No. 4

FEBRUARY



The Improvement Era

Combined with the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL



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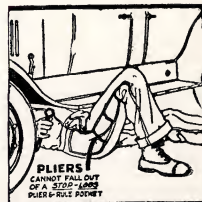
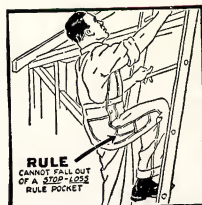
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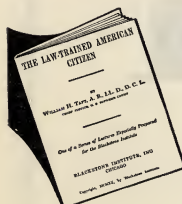
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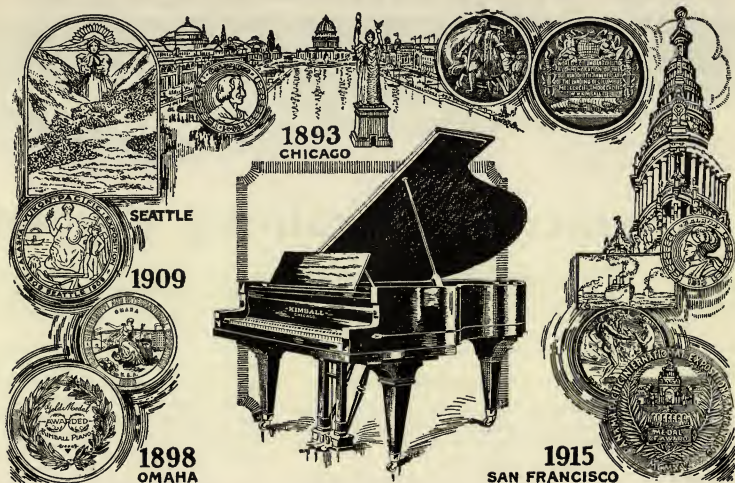
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FORECAST

It is not too early for *Era* readers to begin to anticipate the Centennial number. On April 6, 1930, one hundred years will have passed since the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. The story of its achievements will be told by those who have played conspicuous parts in its eventful history. It will be an interesting and in some cases a dramatic account of what has occurred. Has science vindicated the assertions of Joseph Smith? Illuminating information on this question will be presented.

The missionary experiences of this hundred years, if fully compiled, would make a classic, pathetic, inspiring, humorous. The fidelity of men and women under conditions which tried their souls almost to the breaking point was characteristic of this people. The story of it is colorful and faith-promoting.

Our organizations and the opportunity they give Church members for that spiritual development which comes only through active service has evoked the wonder of all who have become acquainted with the matter.

"Mormons" have always been a temple building people. This practice has aroused much curious interest, not always favorable, for the world, forgetful of scriptural history, wonders why strangers are not admitted to these sacred precincts. Why have temples been built at great cost in time and money when it was a question as to how the people could live? This subject, too, furnishes material for a dramatic recital.

The temporal welfare of the people and the means at the disposal of the Church to supervise their needs is one of the things which places the stamp of divinity upon this system.

What place have the "Mormons" attained in art, in literature and in education? The facts in the case aroused the interest of intelligent visitors to this community even before the people were established in the Rocky Mountains. The thought that "man cannot be saved in ignorance" has been a real contribution to the world.

The Improvement Era

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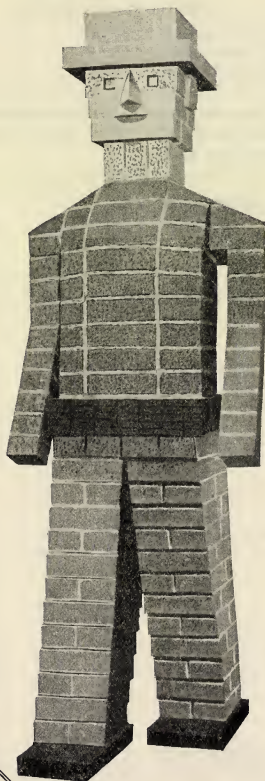
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EDITORIAL

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An Example of Greatness

By HUGH J. CANNON

GENERAL Clark, in addressing the Latter-day Saints in Far West in 1838, said: "I would advise you to scatter abroad, and never again organize yourselves with bishops, presidents, etc., lest you excite the jealousies of the people and subject yourselves to the same calamities that have now come upon you. * * * My advice is, that you become as other citizens, lest by a recurrence of these events, you bring upon yourselves irretrievable ruin."

For many years after this famous (or infamous) speech was delivered, many others gave similar counsel to the Church. In some cases the advice was an honest desire to help relieve a vexing situation. More frequently, however, it was inspired by a desire to see the complete disintegration of the Church organization. But whatever the motive, it originated with people who did not in the least comprehend the underlying purpose of this latter-day movement.

A few months prior to Clark's harangue, to which reference has already been made, Joseph Smith received a revelation from which the following is taken: "**** That the rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness.

"That they may be conferred upon us, it is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, our vain ambition, or to exercise control or dominion or compulsion upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold, the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the Priesthood or the authority of that man."

That Church leaders have always understood this principle is well illustrated by the following story of President Brigham Young which was related by the late Charles H. Wilken, who at one time was employed by President Young as miller in the old flour mill at Liberty Park:

Joseph Pollard arrived in the valley from England in 1857, and at once began to work on Church buildings as a carpenter under the general direction of President Young. He was an outspoken Englishman, about whose blunt sayings many amusing stories are told.

A portion of the employee's wages was paid in flour, and on the day of settlement a certain amount of this staple was allotted to Brother Pol-

lard. At the time, however, he did not need the flour and said he would prefer to draw it later when his supply was exhausted. In due time he called for it, but in the meantime the flour had doubled in price and the man in charge of the titling office store would give him only half as much as he thought he was entitled to receive.

Indignantly he went to President Young's office and made his complaint in such vigorous language that the president took offense. It should be remembered that at this time President Young was virtually the lawmaker as well as the enforcement officer. No king in the world held more power in his sphere than did this man, and he was not accustomed to having people address him in tones such as this poor immigrant used. He became quite as indignant as his visitor and finally ordered him out of the office. The man did not leave immediately, and the president told one of his sons to put him out.

Brother Pollard retorted: "President Young you don't have to put me out. I want to tell you one thing, and then I'll walk out. I'm an Englishman and a Latter-day-Saint and the Gospel teaches me to know the difference between right and wrong, and it is not right to cut in half the amount of flour I was to receive." And with that he left the room.

President Young, angered by the tone in which the man had spoken, walked up and down the office for several minutes. Gradually his pace became slower and at last he stood in deep meditation. This continued for some little time. At last he roused himself from his reverie and ordered his carriage. When it came, he drove to the titling office, got a sack of flour and took it himself to the humble home of the poor workman with an apology for the manner in which the visitor had been treated.

President Young was virtually a king. In this community, and in those days, his word was supreme. He considered himself, and was considered by his followers, as the viceroy of the Almighty, the earthly head of the Church of Jesus Christ, but when he felt that he had not been entirely just to one who had appealed to him for justice, even though the man's language gave more or less cause for offense, he was humble enough to go in person and make the matter right. It is also interesting to note that Brother Pollard was elevated to the position of Bishop of the Fifteenth ward in Salt Lake City during President Young's lifetime.

A Pioneer Reminiscence

By ELSIE TALMAGE BRANDLEY

A SWEET, white-haired woman recently celebrated her eightieth birthday in a lovely home, surrounded with every evidence of luxury and ease. Roses—dozens of them—perfumed the air with the sweetness of the friendships which had inspired the sending of them; and gifts of all kinds expressed the love of her children and grandchildren.

A few days later, in the same beautiful home this woman—Isabelle Siddoway Armstrong—told me the story of her trip across the plains.

As a child of ten she had made the long, weary march from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Salt Lake City—the land known in anticipation as “the Valleys.” Walking every step of the way, she had pushed a handcart in front of her, and frequently, when her baby brother, too small to trudge the long miles on his little feet became too weary she had picked him up and carried him in her arms awhile.

What an impossible undertaking it would seem today! With railroads, automobiles, and airplanes within easy access, who would consider it humanly possible to walk over the mountains and prairies, pushing a handcart and carrying a small boy?

The woman herself remembers very clearly the details of that trek, and in recounting them she shows the fine spirit of optimism and gratitude which must have helped to buoy her up for the long journey, and to meet the rigorous demands made of her.

“It was not half so bad as you might suppose,” she said. “Our company had a real pleasure trip compared with some of the others. You see, we had fairly good weather—it rained, of course, but not for long stretches at a time, and when it stopped raining, the sun always came out warm, and dried us all out in no time. None of us died of the heat, and none of us died of the cold. One girl in another company had an experience that was really hard, to my way of thinking. Crowded together in a wagon, trying to keep warm by huddling close to each other, some of the weaker ones froze to death, and this poor young girl who didn’t die, found her foot frozen solid to the foot of one who had lost the gift. That is what I call hard.

“And we did have food. Some companies ran entirely out of provisions, and starved along the way. We had no such trouble as that. We were not once completely without something to eat. Oh, of course we had to be very careful at times! I remember once that we were down to a ration of two ounces of flour a day, each, but that much kept us from starving. And that was not for long. We knew something would come to relieve the situation, and something did. When we neared Pike’s Peak, we were just about out of everything but hope. One woman in our company had an idea that some jewelry she had brought along with her might help,

but none of the rest thought it very promising. She had a few little pins and rings and trinkets, and off she started to the trading post to see what she could get for them. The men at the post were mountaineers—‘squaw men,’ and none of us could see what use they would have for jewelry, but we had counted without the Indian women. The mountaineers were really very fond of their squaws, and you know how the Indians are for decorations. When they saw that jewelry within their reach, nothing would do but that their men should get it for them. The squaws were good to the mountaineers, and took fine care of them, and the men, rough as they were, appreciated it. When they saw how much their Indians really wanted the stuff, and good-naturedly began to bargain for it, they were told that the owner wanted 700 pounds of flour, delivered at the ‘Mormon’ camp, some little distance away. And those men didn’t raise a single objection—just went ahead and delivered the flour as they were told. That flour kept us in food until we met the relief party that President Young had sent back from the Valleys to meet us. So you see we had an easy, pleasant journey compared to some.

“Of course we were tired and hungry and thirsty at times, and there were lots of snakes in some places, which was not so pleasant to a little ten-year-old girl; but there were other things to compensate. The dancing, for one thing; and the singing. I was too young to enjoy the dancing except as a spectator, but I did enjoy the singing. Every once in awhile the bugler would blow a blast, and we knew it meant to stop and sing, and after that we felt rested. I remember one of the songs along the trail. It went like this:

We may get wet a little, when we have a shower of rain,
The heat may skin our noses, but they’ll soon get well again.
When we think of Zion we forget the wet and pain,
So push on my boys, push on.
There’s none can lead a life like us merry ‘Mormons’ can.

“You see, we realized that we had much to be thankful for; and that we had experienced scarcely any of the hardships that the other companies had known and suffered.”

As she finished, there came to my mind something I remembered from the Doc. and Cov., “and he who receiveth all things with thankfulness shall be made glorious; and the things of this earth shall be added unto him, even an hundred fold, yea, more.” Because, perhaps, of the glad thankfulness with which she received two ounces of flour for a day’s food, she proved her ability to appreciate greater blessings, and they have been added unto her. As earthly parents naturally try to supply the needs of grateful children, so the Father in heaven has with kindness and generosity added blessings upon the daughter who regarded the journey with pleasure.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. 33-41

FEBRUARY, 1930

No. 4

Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh Aid Archaeologists

Part II—The Aerial Survey of the Maya Region

(All photographs were taken by Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, except where otherwise noted)

By DR. A. V. KIDDER

Head, Staff of Early American History, Carnegie Institution of Washington

COLONEL Lindbergh's recent air-survey of the Maya region of Central America affords a fine example of the value of team play. When a great aviator, a great transportation company, and a great scientific agency put their shoulders to the same wheel, that wheel is bound to turn. The project grew out of a combination of agencies and of interests.

Agencies Participating

FIRST, there was Colonel Lindbergh who is always seeking opportunity to demonstrate the utility of the aeroplane. Besides, on a former flight, his curiosity had been aroused by glimpses of ancient, jungle-buried cities.

Then there was the Pan-American Airways, Inc. This company, engaged in spreading a network of flying-trails over Latin America, is anxious to forward any project which promises to contribute to popular interest in the regions it serves.

And, lastly, there was Carnegie Institution of Washington whose staff of archaeologists, earth-bound in the forests of Yucatan for years, had longed for the sweeping view which the aeroplane alone can give.



Map of the Maya region showing the course of the day-by-day flights of Colonel Lindbergh's party and the location of the ruins observed and photographed.

Carnegie Institution archaeologist came down from his headquarters in Guatemala City. W. I. Van Dusen of Pan-American Airways and I flew from Miami. That evening we laid plans and gathered equipment.

OUR general objectives were: to test the aeroplane as an agency for archaeological exploration in tropical countries; and to find out once for all whether the ruins of Maya cities could be located from the air. Above anything else, we wished to get an idea of what the Maya country really looks like.

Although archaeologists have been pushing their way into the region for many years, they have been so buried in the welter of forest, their outlook has been so stifled by mere weight of vegetation, that it has been impossible to gain a comprehensive understanding of the real nature of this territory, once occupied by America's most brilliant native civilization. Such understanding is absolutely necessary, because all people, ancient and modern, are largely products of their environment. Hill and plain, water-course and cultivable land shape the destinies of nations more powerfully than do kings and battles.

General Objectives

SUCH was the group that has just successfully concluded the only aerial survey ever made of the Maya region of Central America.

Belize, once a stronghold of buccaneers, now capital of British Honduras, was the rendezvous. We met there on October 5th. Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh were finishing their swing around the Caribbean. Oliver Ricketson,



Flores is a Guatemalan outpost town situated on a tiny island in Lake Peten. When Colonel Lindbergh and his party landed here the Governor in a launch and the entire population in dug-out canoes came out to the plane to greet the arrivals. Beyond the town are the ruins of Tayasal, the last refuge of the Maya after the Spanish conquest.

THE labors of many explorers and scientists have made clear the fact that long before the time of Christ there arose in the New World an independent civilization which culminated in the great cities of the Maya Old Empire. These cities were built and occupied while Europe was in the Dark Ages, but they, like Rome, fell, and their high tower-temples and many-chambered palace-monasteries were engulfed by the jungle.

The Maya people then moved northward into what is now Yucatan, took on a new lease of life and again constructed cities, many of which persisted until the coming of Europeans put an end to all native American development. Archaeologists have pieced together a fairly consistent outline of this history but of the Maya country as a whole, of the "lay," so to speak, of the land, we have had, until Colonel Lindbergh's flights, only the scantiest knowledge.

"Hopping" the Length of Yucatan

OUR problem was clear. We must cover as much of the area as possible, and learn all we could about it. Our equipment was ideal, a Sikorsky amphibian from the Pan-American Airways fleet, capable of sustained flight with either of its twin motors. It carried a radio outfit, a collapsible rubber boat and emergency ra-

tions. Colonel Lindbergh, with his usual thoroughness, added a shotgun, in case a forced landing made it necessary to live on the country, and hammocks, cooking kit, canteens, medicines and machetes.

The general plan was to strike first into the heart of the Old Empire region in northern Guatemala

and then turn north to fly the entire length of Yucatan in a single "hop."

This would necessitate refuelling at Merida at the extreme northern end of the peninsula. As the distance was so great, and as landing-places were probably non-existent, weight had to be cut to a minimum in order that should one engine fail, the plane could be counted upon to "hold up" for several hundred miles. Van Dusen and I, therefore, stayed behind, and Ricketson, an old hand at Peten travel, acted as observer.

TAKING off from the harbor of Belize the morning of October 6th, the course was laid directly up the Belize River, cutting straight across its thousand loops and bends, high above the rapids and shallows that make boat travel so slow.

A hundred miles inland the plane turned northward into the Peten region. In a few minutes the roof-combs of the great temples of Tikal, queen of Old Empire cities, became visible. After circling low for photographs, a straight shot was made for Uaxacutun, the oldest known Maya city. This site, which Ricketson has been excavating for the past four



Chichen Itza, Yucatan, from the air. At the rear, from left to right are shown: the Ball Court, El Castillo, and the Temple of the Warriors. The circular, tower-like structure in the foreground is the Caracol, thought to have been erected by the Maya for astronomical purposes. Chichen Itza is believed to have been founded not later than 530 A. D. by colonists from the Old Empire region of the Maya to the south and southwest. By 1000 A. D. a Federation of City-States was formed with Chichen Itza as one of the principal units. Under the peaceful conditions which thereupon ensued great buildings of cut stone, elaborately decorated with sculptures and murals were erected on every side. Dissensions within and attacks from without resulted in the conquest of the city, and its abandonment about the middle of the 15th Century. In 1924, under an agreement with the Mexican Government, Carnegie Institution of Washington undertook an extensive program of excavation and repair at Chichen Itza, upon which it is still engaged.

years, was discovered in 1916 by Dr. S. G. Morley of the staff of Carnegie Institution.

FROM Tikal to Uaxactun is a very long day's journey by mule-train, a journey which is made possible only after the trail has been cleared. The Sikorsky did it in exactly six minutes! Ricketson's clearing and camp, and the strange, squat, grotesquely sculptured pyramid which he has laid bare were clearly visible, and were photographed as Lindbergh wheeled close above the tree-tops.

Later, in speaking of this part of the trip, Ricketson said: "Colonel Lindbergh simply could not believe that it is an all-day ride on a mule from Tikal to Uaxactun." He added: "It is not good for an archaeologist to fly over this region, especially if he is going back.

The thought of all day on a mule in contrast to six minutes in an arm chair is unsettling. Besides, the ticks don't fly."

Speeding Towards Merida

BEYOND Uaxactun lay unknown, uninhabited country, and Merida was still four hundred miles away; hence no deviation could be made from a direct northward course. The sea of jungle proved to be unbroken. Hour after hour the green floor of the tree-tops flowed back under the speeding plane. Ninety miles

beyond Uaxactun there appeared a flat-topped pyramid surmounted by two temples, the culminating structure of a forgotten and forest-swallowed city. This may be new or may perhaps be a site called Rio Becque, discovered in 1912 by R. E. Mervin, of Peabody Museum.

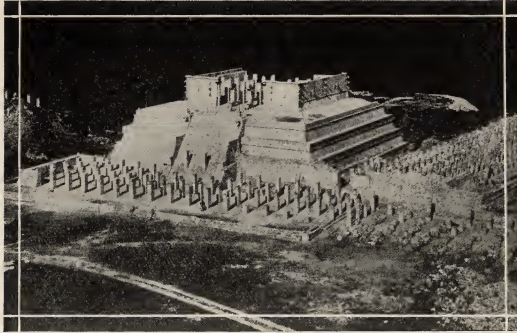
Northward again the plane sped, over vast stretches of green, until the palm thatched huts of

the first small frontier settlements of Yucatan were reached. Everyone breathed easier in the feeling that they were again over the homes of living men. Thence onward the towns became larger. The forest was dotted with the clearings of Indian cornfields. Finally Merida came into sight and soon the plane settled down upon the landing field.

THE party were overnight guests of Governor Torre Diaz, who has done so much to forward the Institution's work in Yucatan. The first objective of the next day was Chichen Itza, largest of New Empire cities, whose temples and pyramids, cleared by the Mexican government and by Carnegie Institution, under Dr. Morley's direction, showed "snow-white against the green "bush."

After leaving Chichen Itza the party turned southward and laid a course for Belize somewhat to the east of the route which was followed the day before. On this return trip the plane passed over country hitherto untraveled; country so densely overgrown that no trace of ruins could be discerned.

The flights of these first two days covered approximately a thousand miles, much of it over regions never traversed by white men, and none of it ever before



Ground view of the Temple of the Warriors, Chichen Itza, Yucatan, as it now stands after excavation and repair by Carnegie Institution of Washington. The Temple proper rests upon a pyramidal foundation 37 feet high and 136 feet square at the base. The hearing of the pyramid is of masonry and is faced with dressed stone carrying richly sculptured friezes of animals, birds, and warriors. A steep stairway 34 feet wide containing 36 stone steps, gives access to the temple platform. Two stone balustrades four feet wide, carved to represent feathered rattlesnakes, rattle at the bottom, fanged heads at the top. Bank the stairway. Two massive feathered serpent columns, with heads on ground and tufted tail rising fifteen feet above, divide the temple entrance into a triple doorway. During the third season of work (1926) Earl Morris, in immediate charge of excavations, discovered that the Temple foundation covered a smaller and much older temple. Excavation of this earlier structure has yielded information of great archaeological importance.



The first air view taken of the ruins of Tulum, an ancient Maya city. These ruins are the largest and best preserved of the known groups along the east coast of Yucatan. The principal buildings are surrounded on three sides by a wall which encloses an area of about 22 acres now covered with tropical bush. Carnegie Institution has sent several expeditions under Morley to study these ruins. The results are described in publication No. 335, Carnegie Institution of Washington.

seen from the spreading viewpoint of the air. At our conference on the evening of the return to Belize we decided that we must definitely train ourselves to recognize tree-shrouded mounds and pyramids, to pick out from above, the vague, masked outlines of plazas and temples.

Over a Terrifying Region

ON the eighth we struck out again for Peten searching for ruins whose general location we already knew. In this way there were picked up the cities of Yaxha and Nakum and by repeated low circling we taught ourselves this new technique of sky-spying.

Soon we were off to Tikal and Uaxactun, thence eastward to a small region (probably new) that could be made out on the skyline from above Uaxactun, and so to the Laguna de Peten, where the Guatemalan outpost town of Flores crowds a tiny island in the lake.

WE paid our respects to the governor, who came out in a



Indian village south of the Cockcomb Mountains in very wild and inaccessible country. When the plane first appeared high over head many people were visible about the houses but when it dove down for Mrs. Lindbergh to take this photograph the Indians disappeared, some into the houses and some into the bush.

launch to greet us, surrounded by the entire population in dug-out canoes; and then rose to fly southward over a vast, flat stretch of alternating savanna and woodland toward the northern tributaries of the Pasion River.

These streams traverse a terrible (and to fly over) a most terrifying country, a confused welter of gorges and limestone pinnacles smothered in a jungle so dense, so intertwined, so utterly hopeless to penetrate, save through the foot-by-foot hacking of trails, that I think no one of us failed to give a sigh of relief when we soared over an outlying spur of the Cock-

comb Mountains, dodged between two rain-squalls, and saw to the eastward the silver shine of the sea.

The next few minutes brought one of those incredible transitions possible only to the air traveler. We swung to the north, dipped across the coastline and took the smooth water at a little key miles out in the Gulf of Honduras. After anchoring the plane, we pumped up the rubber boat, and rowed ashore. Half an hour after being over that ghastly, broken, interior wilderness, we were comfortably cooking lunch under the palms by the coral beach.

Up the Coast From Belize

ON the fourth day we took off a little after ten, passed north-



ward over the coastal swamps, turned inland, and in an hour were beating across the jungle west of Lake Bacalar, where, thanks to our practice of the day before, we were able to pick up three sets of mounds, one of which was evidently the centre of a very extensive city. Here we saw three or four high pyramids, upon two of which could be glimpsed the white walls of temples.

Colonel Lindbergh then climbed to two thousand feet and headed north across the great, flat plain of Yucatan. There were no hills or valleys to break the even spread of the tree-tops. Soon we began to see the sharp eminences of groups of ruins.

I quote from my air notes:

"Steep pyramid on N. horizon (12.05); small lakes to N. (12.07); another small lake about 6 mi. E. (12.16). Now coming over pyramid (it was visible 20 miles away). Drop to about 100 feet—group contains one large pyramid with three smaller ones 100 yards E. of it on a plaza

(?). Indian village (6 palm-leaf huts in clearing) just (2 mi.) W. (12.20) Off N., bush dry and gray, low, and can see ground now and then between trees. High bush seems to have ended at last site. (12.29) Circled low over Indian huts, people running into houses and into bush. (12.35) Six house village. (12.37) Bush dry and deader looking than ever, think some of these trees must shed leaves at this season. Small rain-squalls all about, air bumpy. (12.39) Large, low mound directly below in In-



Lower photograph by Dr. S. G. Morley

Upper—Air view of the ancient Maya pyramid at Uaxactun, Guatemala.

Lower—Ground view. This remarkable pyramid was built about 2,000 years ago. Hidden by tropical foliage, it was not discovered until 1916 when Dr. S. G. Morley, of the staff of Carnegie

Institution, came upon it. For the past four years Oliver G. Rickeson, of the Carnegie staff, has been directing its excavation and study. This pyramid was built of uncut stone and faced with dazzling white stucco. Four stairways lead to the top. Flanking these stairways are colossal masks of fine, lime stucco. The upper pairs are fashioned in the likeness of grotesque human heads, the lower pairs resemble serpent's heads. Near the beginning of the Christian era, the inhabitants, erected a second pyramid above it thus completely covering it and preserving it in perfect condition to our day. Removal of the later structure revealed what is perhaps the most beautiful example of ancient American architecture that has come down to us.

dian clearing. (12.43) Turn due W. toward high pyramid sighted by Mrs. Lindbergh and now heading for it across uninhabited country. (12.49) Another pyramid to N. of first one.

Enormous Mounds at Coba

THESE groups, most of which are probably new, were plotted by compass-course and flying time. In some cases, they were still more definitely located by means of bearings taken on distant landmarks.

For an hour or more we tacked back and forth, noting sites in all directions, flying close over the

largest ones and gradually working north until we saw poking up on the horizon the enormous mounds of Coba, an ancient Maya site which has been visited by fewer than a dozen white men. By one-thirty we were over it, anxious to land on one of the two little lakes about which the great forest-buried buildings are grouped.

WE dipped and skimmed the water, but Colonel Lindbergh shook his head at the high trees on the farther shore and we rose again to circle the tall "castillo" and cross in a split second a swampy lowland that three years before had cost Eric Thompson and me a full hour of bitter sweating struggle.

Until now everyone had been too busy to think of lunch, but when we swung high again and headed for the coast Mrs. Lindbergh produced chocolate and crackers. By the time we lit in the ocean to go ashore at the seaside ruin of Tulum we had been

well fed. That night we stayed at Cozumel island, where Pan-American Airways has a base, revisited Coba the next morning to rectify our observations, and by ten o'clock were headed for Cuba, Miami and home.

Objectives of Survey Accomplished

DURING the flights everyone was constantly busy: Colonel Lindbergh with map on knees kept track of courses, wind-drift, and estimated distances to and between objects sighted. Mrs. Lindbergh, whose eyes are very keen, watched the bush like a hawk, and took the photographs. Van Dusen, through Ehmer, our crack radio operator, sent bulletins of progress to the Pan-American bases at Miami and Belize. Ricketson and I filled notebooks as fast as we could write, jotting down observations on topography, nature of forest, occurrence of lakes, streams, swamps, and descriptions of the appearance of the ruins passed over.

Washington and Lincoln

By BRYANT S. HINCKLEY
President of Liberty Stake

TO all Americans the month of February is eventful because it records the birthdays of the first and the sixteenth president of the United States.

A span of seventy-seven years stretches between these birthdays, and a short distance in miles between their birthplaces. In appearance and personality there was a sharp contrast between these men; in their contribution to their country and the world, there is a striking parallel. Each gave the full measure of his genius and his greatness to the same cause. Each won. The first is affectionately called the "Father of his Country," and the second the "Savior of his Country," and in neither case is it a mere figure of speech.

Washington was born February 22, 1732, died Dec. 19, 1799, aged 67 years, leaving a large estate, no children and bequeathing to Americans a character and service beyond price.

The records show that he was in the military service of Virginia sev-

en years, of the United States a little more than eight years, and was the President of the United States for eight years, serving most of the time without compensation. In all, forty-five years of his life was devoted to public service. There was a sympathy and tenderness, in the following event, which was not often manifest in the life of the general:

Cornwallis surrendered on the nineteenth of October, 1781, and the Treaty of Peace was concluded in Paris in 1783. The British forces left American soil and Washington resigned. The parting of the men with the commander was deeply touching. Addressing them, Washington said, "With heart full of love, and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but I shall be obliged if each one of you will come and take

me by the hand." Not a word was spoken. In turn each officer came forward, shook hands and embraced the commander. All then silently followed him to the ferry, where he embarked for Washington. Thus closed his military career.

Theodore Parker said of him, "No ruler of the Anglo-Saxon stock has obtained so great a reputation for the higher qualities of human virtue. For more than one thousand years no statesman or soldier has left a name so much to be coveted. None ever became so dear to the thoughtful of mankind. In the long line of generals, kings, and emperors, from the first monarch to the last president or pope, none ranks so high for the prime excellence of heroic virtue."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is one of the most universally beloved men in all history, and he deserves to be. The story of his overcoming the difficulties of his early life and his rise to such a great eminence from beginnings so hard and lowly, has put hope into the hearts of thousands of struggling boys. His resolute stand for the right has helped countless souls to be true to their obligations and ideals. His kindness of heart and unflinching charity toward friend and foe make malice and intolerance seem little and ignoble. His firm reliance upon the over-ruling power of God, and the ultimate triumph of righteousness sustained the nation during the awful conflict, and finally won the war.

One of the picturesque and impressive things in our national history is the calling of the sad-faced, great-hearted, man of the plains to the White House when the tempest of a mighty civil war was about to devastate the land. During the dark hours of that terrible storm, his gaunt figure shone through the smoke and din of battle like the rainbow of promise, and in those days of peril his sublime faith in God is scarcely surpassed by the faith of the Hebrew prophets. Before the awful war had begun he said, "I know there is a God and that he hates injustice and slavery. * * * If he has a place and a work for me, and I think he has, I am ready."

Clear in his thinking, strong for the right, he stands as the tenderest memory of the age.

A Spiritual Philosophy of Life

By MILTON BENNION

Dean of the School of Education, University of Utah

IV

Philosophic Grounds for Belief in Personal Immortality

THE most eminent philosophers, both ancient and modern, have either assumed to prove the immortality of mind, spirit, or soul; or they have offered rational grounds for faith in immortality. Among these philosophers Plato is especially notable. He held that the immortality of the soul includes its pre-existence as well as its survival after death. A variety of arguments or proofs were offered in support of this, one among them being based upon the unity and substantiality of the soul as indicated by its control or rule of the body. This argument played a significant part in later philosophical systems.

ARISTOTLE also held that the "active reason" is imperishable, as it is also without beginning. The great emphasis which Aristotle placed upon reason, which is quite generally characteristic of Greek thought, doubtless led him to single out this aspect of mind for survival after death. This is somewhat in contrast with the Christian idea of the importance of personal relations with its corresponding emphasis upon love and service, rather than upon the purely intellectual life.

The arguments for immortality brought forward by the earlier philosophers came to be accepted as proofs coordinate with the philosophical proofs of the existence of God and of the fact of human freedom; hence it has often been said that philosophy gave us God, freedom, and immortality.

KANT rejected all of these proofs as such and offered in their stead grounds for rational faith. His argument was based upon the demands of ethics, which required the reality of the highest good, a

Does Mind Survive after Dissolution of the Body?

If so, Does the Individual Mind Retain Its Personal Identity; or Is It Absorbed in a Universal Mind?

Assuming Personal Immortality to Be a Fact, What of Its Nature and Significance?

moral order of the universe, which must be grounded in God. The reality of the highest good and the demands of the moral consciousness together, Kant held, called for personal immortality as a necessary condition of realizing these demands.

Another line of thought for which Kant laid the foundations, and one that has been given much weight by some eminent recent philosophers, relates to the unreality of time. Kant held that time is a form of intuition, not an independently existing reality such as mind itself was conceived to be. Both Royce and Munsterberg held that time is relative to action only, that it is, therefore, no part of ultimate reality and cannot, therefore, be a factor in terminating the existence of mind.

TO the common sense way of thinking this argument may seem to be wholly untenable. It should be noted, however, that a variation of the same thought appears in the field of theology quite independently of philosophy. In the Apocalypse, for instance, is a phrase, "that there should be time no more;"¹ while in some modern theological discourse reference is made to time and eternity, with the implication that time belongs to this mundane experience only.

An argument for immortality that is more closely allied with modern science is based upon the indestruc-

tibility of matter and the conservation of energy, both concepts that have, until very recently, been regarded in physical science as thoroughly established. Reasoning by analogy, it is contended that mind also may be equally imperishable, that death is merely a transformation in which no essential element of mind can be lost. One form of presentation of this argument is to be found in John Fiske's *Life Everlasting*.² It should be noted that while an argument from analogy may suggest a fruitful hypothesis, or may be a ground of faith, it is not regarded in logic as proving anything. A stronger argument as a basis of faith in immortality may be developed directly from the fact and the need of the conservation of spiritual resources conjoined with faith in God or in the ultimate good of the world. That there is some measure of conservation of spiritual values is an indisputable fact; that there is generally recognized need of such conservation is also a fact.

What has need to do with the facts of real existence? In human life, at least, very much. The greatest values in civilization, both physical and spiritual, have been realized in response to human needs. This is a dynamic world, a world of perpetual creative activity, with mind as the most ultimate and most fundamental creative force. The reasons for this assertion have already been given and will not be repeated here. It is a fact of common experience that as life develops new needs arise, and that new values arise in response to these needs. Spiritual values are, in large measure, preserved as social values in the race by means of education, in the broadest sense of

²Page 68, Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.

¹Rev. 10:6.

that term. The greatest of all spiritual values, however, is that of personal character itself. Does this perish with death, or do we have reasonable grounds for belief that it is conserved by means of personal immortality?

A COMMON sense objection to this belief is grounded in the fact that we have no idea how survival of the mind without the living body can be possible. In reply but not as proof it may be said that such existence is not inconceivable nor is its possibility more wonderful than is the fact of conception and growth of the individual in this life. Were this not a matter of experience, its possibility would be equally open to question. We cannot, therefore, regard this as a valid objection to belief in immortality.

The scientific arguments against belief in personal immortality are commonly based upon the seeming dependence of consciousness upon the functioning of the brain. In response to this objection some recent philosophers, among them William James, have suggested that the function of the brain is transmissive, not productive; that death, therefore, means that the brain ceases to transmit mental action rather than that mind ceases to exist. This argument carries the implication that mind does not come into existence with the advent of the brain or other associated bodily organs, but that, in some form, it pre-exists as well as that it survives the death of the body. If mind belongs to eternity, and is a primary cause in the processes of creation, it may well be assumed that the brain itself is a creation of mind as its instrument in this physical world and that the survival of the creative power is not dependent upon survival of its own product.

PHILOSOPHERS, however, differ as to whether mind survives in personal form, the form here experienced, or whether it is absorbed in an absolute or infinite mind in which all separate selves are lost. A somewhat indefinite stand on this question, yet strong for the immortality of mind, is indicated in the following passages from Bergson. Referring to consciousness he says:

"On flows the current, running through human generations, subdividing itself into

individuals. This subdivision was vaguely indicated in it, but could not have been made clear without matter. Thus souls are continually being created, which, nevertheless, in a certain sense pre-existed. * * * although it must undergo its vicissitudes. * * * The destiny of consciousness is not bound up * * * with the destiny of cerebral matter. * * *

"As the smallest grain of dust is bound up with our entire solar system, * * * so all organized beings, from the humblest to the highest, from the first origin of life to the time in which we are, and in all places as in all times, do but evidence a single impulse, the inverse of the movement of matter, and in itself indivisible. All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push. The animal takes its stand on the plant, man bestrides animality, and the whole of humanity, in space and in time, is one immense army galloping beside and before and behind each of us in an overwhelming charge, able to beat down every resistance and clear the most formidable obstacles, perhaps even death."³

Royce is more definitely committed to the thought that the individual is absorbed in the Absolute Spirit. Howison regards this as resulting inevitably in loss of personal identity and, therefore, in loss of *personal* immortality.

IN opposition to Royce's view as to the nature of the immortal life Howison holds that the most ultimate reality is not one absolute mind but a society of minds, no one out of all relations to the rest, as the term society implies, but each having, nevertheless, a degree of independence, of self-activity, and of personal identity, manifested in self-knowledge and self-control. Howison holds further that this personal identity, which is part of our everyday experience,

³Creative Evolution, pp. 269-71, Henry Holt & Co., New York.

*T*HERE is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain *presage*, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.—Cicero.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,

The soul that rises in us, our life's star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar;

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home.

—Wordsworth, "Ode on Intimations of Immortality."

is a fundamental aspect of reality, one that cannot, therefore, be lost in eternity. This is the meaning of personal immortality in contrast with that theory which identifies immortality with the life of the one infinite and absolute spirit.

Howison's point of view is in opposition to the theory that identifies immortality wholly with life here and now in that any life is imperishable as an historic fact and is on this account immortal. Howison's theory is also in opposition to the view that such immortality as there may be is in the life of the race only, not in the individual.

WHAT MAY PERSONAL IMMORTALITY DO FOR US?

Howison answers:

"It provides for ourselves, for each of them (us) individually, a place in the world not merely of consequences and mediate effects, but of primary and unmediated causes. Hence it gives us assurance that death no more than any other event in experience is our end and close, but that we survive it, ourselves the springs that organize experience. It shows us possessed, intrinsically, of the very roots and sources of perception, not merely of its experienced fact, and so presents us as possessed of power to rise beyond the grave—yes, in and through the very act of death—into new worlds of perception.

"Accordingly, it matches the Christian improvement upon the older conception of the future existence—the ascent to the doctrine of 'resurrection' * * * the supplementing of immortality by the exaltation of the 'body,' or sense perceptive life. As ourselves the causal sources of the perceived world and its cosmic order, we are not destined to any colorless life of bare ideas, to 'some spectral woof of impalpable abstractions or unearthly ballet of bloodless categories,' but are to go perceptively onward in *perpetuum*, exercising forever our inherent power of framing experience, of begetting worlds of sense-colored variety and definiteness, in their long career surely of higher and higher subtlety, refinement, beauty, and goodness."⁴

Speaking further of the nature of the immortal life, J. A. Leighton says:

"A self may inhabit, after death, a finer, ethereal body. I may add, merely as a personal statement, that I am unable to form any image or clear conception of the nature and conditions of existence of a purely disembodied spirit. * * *

"The persistence and continued functioning of the spirit core of selfhood is a matter of rationally justified faith. The degree and character of continued personal identity must remain, from the standpoint of philosophy, a matter of conjecture."⁵

⁴The Limits of Evolution and Other Essays, pp. 302-3. The MacMillan Co., New York.

WHAT, IF ANYTHING, HAS THE LIFE HERE AND NOW TO DO WITH ETERNAL LIFE?

Dr. Leighton answers:

"This is eternal life here and now—to know and live for the higher values of the spirit."⁸

IN other words, as has been said, this life is a moment in eternity; it is therefore an opportunity to enter upon that type of life which is worthy of eternal perpetuation.

A great thought, coming to us from the Master of all teachers, although from the theological angle, seems to have like import:

"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."⁹

FROM these points of view eternal life may be regarded, not merely as a life of endless duration, which *may* be, in some instances, a very miserable life, but rather as an enduring type of life of a very high spiritual quality; a type of life that should, normally, be in progress here and now in the persons of each of us. While such a life offers opportunity for unlimited progress in intelligence and knowledge, with equal or even greater significance it offers opportunities for creation of additional values, for growth in love, and appreciation, for increase in the joys of existence and extension of these

joys to an ever increasing community of immortal souls.

IN conclusion, mind may with good reason be conceived as the vital and final cause of all that is; the physical organism, as the creation of the life or mind of which it is the natural and temporal manifestation. In man, then, the brain may be regarded as the organ of mind, probably because it is best suited to the nature of the world of which man is now a part. Thus conceived it is reasonable to suppose that under other conditions this same mind may have or may create other means of manifesting and expressing itself, means suitable to these other conditions and to its new social connections. These means, not being adapted to the world of our present experience, would naturally be a barrier against communications between the "world of the departed spirits" and the world of our present experience. It is this barrier that psychic research is seeking to overcome by scientific means. Believers in divine revelation, however, hold that under certain conditions of religious faith this barrier is, in some degree, surmounted.

*I*N time there is no present,

In eternity no future,

In eternity no past.

—Tennyson, "The How and Why, St. 1.

⁸Man and the Cosmos, p. 463. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

⁹Ibid., p. 464.

¹⁰St. John 17:3.

A Bit of Forgotten History

By HUGH J. CANNON

FROM a personal letter written by Pres. Joseph Wilford Booth not long before his death, which occurred in Aleppo, Syria, Dec. 5, 1928, the following excerpts are taken:

"Very few of the readers of the *Era* will remember the visit of Pres. Geo. A. Smith, Lorenzo Snow, Eliza R. Snow, et al., to Palestine in 1873, when the second dedicatory prayer was offered on the Mount of Olives, in preparation for the long predicted 'home-coming' of the scattered Children of Israel.

"Recently we met a fine old gentleman here in Haifa who told us an interesting bit of news of fifty-five years ago. Dr. Nasif Kiwar, a graduate of the American

University of Beirut, is now sixty-six years old, and though blind is one of the best informed men in Haifa. We had a delightful visit with him. He was extremely kind and affable, and related to us, with much emotion, the following experience: When he was a small boy, about eleven years of age, a 'Mormon' apostle, with others, called at his father's house and paid them a visit which he has never forgotten. Dr. Kiwar said the visitors left a Book of Mormon with the family, and one of the men, whose name was George A. Smith, also gave his photo to the boy's mother, because said he, 'Mr. Smith looked so much like my mother's brother who had died without ever having had a picture taken. On

this account she very much appreciated that photo of Geo. A. Smith.'

"After all these years, and to our great surprise, the doctor produced the old photograph taken in Egypt; I think in Cairo. On the back of the picture was written the following: 'George A. Smith, First Counselor to President B. Young of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.'

"It is hardly necessary to say that the worthy doctor prizes this picture very highly. The fact that it has been so carefully preserved during all these years attests that fact.

Reference to the Church Chronology indicates that President Geo. A. Smith's party left Salt Lake City, Sept. 15, 1872, and, after visiting many important cities en route, arrived in Jerusalem February 25, 1873. On Sunday, March 2, they held solemn worship on the historic Mount of Olives.

Subsequently they visited many of the places made memorable because of their association with the earthly ministry of our Lord.

President Booth continues: "We have just had a delightful visit from Miss Maud May Babcock and the four young ladies who are traveling with her. They are the Misses Phyllis Stohl, Lethe Coleman, Lois Fairbanks, and Oletha Jex."

Dr. Kiwar was present at the recital given by Miss Maud May Babcock at Haifa, Nov. 1, and warmly complimented the reader after her presentation of 'Mary Magdalene.' He is father-in-law to secretary Taylor of the office of district commissioner, Coleville, at Haifa.

"While our Utah guests, Miss Babcock and party, were here, Mr. Taylor did all in his power to make their visit a pleasant one.

"Sister Mary R. Booth and the writer had the pleasure of touring Palestine in a big '8 passenger car. We listened again with much pleasure to our wonderful reader, at the Y. M. C. A. in Jerusalem, as she gave to a spell-bound audience 'Caesar and Cleopatra' by Bernard Shaw.

"On Sunday, Nov. 11, we met in an upper room at the Majestic hotel in Jerusalem, and there for the first time in Palestine we held a sacrament meeting, at which all present, bore a faithful testimony."

Out of the Burning

BY IVY WILLIAMS STONE

Chapter Three

THE sentence imposed upon Silas Hoggan was indeterminate—one to twenty-five years. There could be no doubt he had had a hand in the kidnapping. Some confederate had taken the child back to the Hoggan cabin in Crow's Nest. Judge Harrison was positive, even the sheriff suspicious. So the third degree wore on, the judge's nerves taut, his patience gone. Echo Harrison fluctuated between hysterical consciousness and drug-induced coma. An efficient, motherly nurse came and took complete charge of the young Portia. From the hour of Pamela's disappearance, the remaining child was never left alone.

"If you don't return the child, unharmed, I'll give you the limit," thundered the judge. "You'll stay in prison twenty-five years. You'll die there."

"Pears like I nary had 'nough vittles fer weuns," mused old Silas. "The old woman ain't got no time fer babies. She'll be poor fed when I ain't thar. She can't tend no least one. Youns go see."

"If you return the child I'll rescind your sentence," compromised the judge. "Perhaps I was too severe." Vision of a tortured baby, of a neglected child made him shudder. The baby must be found!

BUT even the promise of complete freedom brought no confession from old Silas. He reiterated one thought, "Weuns ain't got that thar least one." And the old lady echoed after him, "Weuns ain't never seed that thar baby!"

A posse of citizens combed the country side, swooped down on Crow's Nest unexpectedly, searched the home of every dweller. But each home already possessed abundant children. Least ones of varying ages crawled about on the bare floors, lay on blankets or sat in the dooryards and gaped at the visitors. At the home of Steve Turner the stern visaged old mother received her inquisitors with dignified reserve.

Yes, they had a baby, born the

night 'fore the trial. She had cared for the mother, who had almost died. They wanted no babies that the Lord didn't send proper. The farm was too poor, the soil too thin, it didn't give livin' 'nough for the children they already had. Cassie Turner lay in the corner bed, nursing her infant. Wrapped in the half of a drab, worn blanket, wearing a gown shaped from a sack, the baby whimpered mournfully and blended with its environment. The posse, headed by the none too zealous sheriff, glanced at the infant on the arm of the semi-bewildered Cassie, and hastily withdrew. How could mere men distinguish tiny babies? How could they question a mother's evidence, or a grim old midwife? Besides, witnesses were plentiful that the baby had been expected.

STEVE Turner, strangely docile, volunteered to lead them about the mountains. He furnished copious family histories and gave no hint of a secret grudge against Judge Harrison. And while he led the searchers hither and yon, the old mother buried the beautiful clothes and the locket marked "Pamela" under the cellar floor. When she was positive no eye could watch, she made certain the soil lay flat under a large walnut tree, and that

dried bark and leaves concealed all evidence of freshly turned earth. And the unsuspecting Cassie held her new baby tenderly; rejoiced in her fine features and promise of beauty, and marveled at the skill of Granny Turner who had saved them both. No need to burden Steve with the price of them fancy doctors. Granny had done so well.

The defeated searchers returned to their routine of life. Rumors of a strange peddler, of suspicious looking tourists, of passing gypsies spread about the town. Judge Harrison grew morose and stern, refused to discuss his loss, ordered Echo to refrain from mentioning the lost baby. But though he might instruct his sister Eunice, it was without avail. She was ever watching, hoping, confident that some day the child would return.

Old Silas Hoggan lost his identity under a number; lost his beloved jug, his faithful dog. But in their stead came the comforting assurance of plentiful food, a bed better than any he had ever known, and weekly rations of tobacco. He puttered about the penitentiary, becoming a small authority on the taming of wild birds. Being naturally indolent, he cheerfully gave the State the responsibility of his support. If he had any regrets about his incarceration, it was to mildly wonder "Ef the old woman war a makin' it."

MISS Eunice Harrison never had an opportunity to tell her brother of her fears for his personal safety. James always abruptly changed the subject whenever she attempted it. So, hoping to placate the anger of Steve Turner, she sent his family frequent gifts. Once a month the mailman left a package in their crossroads box. Warmer clothes for winter, gifts for the children. Soft slippers for the old grandmother, a sweater for the growing boy, a fancy dish for Cassie, fur-lined gloves for Steve. The box never failed to arrive, although Steve Turner never gave any comment, either of approval



or resentment. Cassie, however, voiced loud praise for the "Town Lady" and reared the children to love her memory. The sting of poverty was allayed for the mountain mother by the generous gifts and the drab monotony of her narrow life was relieved by anticipation. Nearly every box contained a book, and these were laid away with awe and reverence.

In striking contrast to the other two children's heavy, black hair, the *least one* had bright soft curls.

"Weuns oughter call her curly," ventured Cassie, running her hardened hand through the golden mass. "I never seed sich hair afore. 'Taint like ourn."

"My pappy's ma had hair that away," prompted the old granny quickly. "Nary a black hair. I aims ter dye that thar least one's head. 'Taint purty that away. Buddy's hev ter get walnuts, and I aims ter mix a good bit o' dye and fix it up black come summer."

THUS the infant Pamela grew to childhood, her golden curls losing their luster through frequent "dippings." She learned the mountain life, ate its coarse foods, faced its hardships. Barefooted, she plodded along the corn rows, dropping the seed until her child shoulders ached. Under the direction of the gaunt, vigilant granny, she spread the precious wool on the shed roof to dry. She helped to husk corn and shelled the rough kernels until her little hands bled. She early learned to distinguish between the doty chips and the burnable wood. She toted water from the well up the path to the house. She soon learned to feed the fire under the huge pots when "bilin' down" sorghum. She became skilled in drying squash for winter, in gathering the vines full of dried beans, which Bud hung from the ceiling rafters. Her bare legs became freckled and rough, her feet tough and grimy. She took her turn at the out-door wash tubs, and the delicately moulded body, thus taxed, created an eager appetite. Thus the heavy corn bread, the fat pork, the flour thickened hominy and the sunburned potatoes were like ambrosia to the ever hungry child. But while Bud hoed in the garden with dogged stoic-

cism, and her sister Millie evaded or dallied over allotted tasks, little Curly saw beauty all about her. She saw cause for rapture in the sunset, saw beauty in the flash of a blackbird's wing and fantastic figures in the glowing embers of the outdoor fire. The autumnal leaves were a source of joy, and the rare glimpse of a cardinal repaid days of drudgery.

TOILSOME home work through the long hot summer. Nut gathering after the first frost, then school! Blessed sesame to a starved soul! Through the persistent efforts of Miss Eunice Harrison a real teacher had come to Crow's Nest. The school house had been repaired and attendance was made compulsory. Thus on winter mornings, Bud broke a trail through the heavy snow and Millie, complaining against the hard "larnins" plodded behind him. Little Curly, always hugging one of the precious books which she had discovered in the corner cupboard, brought up the rear. She was unmindful that her feet were often wet. The meagre contents of her lunch box gave her no concern. Wasn't the Little Lane Prince flying on his magic carpet, or Little Lord Fauntleroy about to find his mother? She learned quickly, displaying a keen brain, and leaving her mountain companions far behind.

She performed her evening tasks with lightning rapidity, then settled before the bright embers of the kitchen grate with a precious book, whose printed message had been so long closed against the family. As she read aloud, with her eager vibrant voice and brilliant eyes, one by one the family joined the circle. The bony contour of the old grandmother seem-

ed softened by the firelight. At the most thrilling chapters she dropped her knitting to listen better. Steve Turner often put up his gun and drew nearer. Bud forgot his whittling. Cassie stood on the edge of the circle, glorifying in the "larnin'" of her last one. Only Millie remained aloof. No story ever held her flighty attention. Having attained her growth early, she boasted of physical prowess and exacted service from the delicate Curly from sheer dominance of bodily strength.

MILLIE disliked the school. "I hate that thar school," she grumbled. "Them figgers is too hard. Seven times eight is fifty-four."

"No, Millie," corrected Curly with infinite patience. "Seven times eight is fifty-six. I showed youns that yesterday."

"Then six times nine is the same too. Fifty-six."

"No, Millie! Six times nine is fifty-four. Remember the nines are easy the way Teacher showed you. One less than ten each time. Thirty-six, forty-five, fifty-four."

"Hound an' dawg is the same," persisted Millie stubbornly. "But that thar reader book makes 'em look mighty different. An' why does they have ter say *house* an' *cabin*? Ain't they the same?"

"I aims ter quit school," she complained another day. "I aims ter larn spinnin'. I aims ter marry. Abe Walters is a talkin' ter me now. He's a goin' ter quit too. He ain't afeared. I'm most fifteen now, an' Ma war married ter Pa fore she war sixteen!" "O Millie, youns wouldn't quit the teacher! The law makes youns go."

"I ain't afeared," boasted Millie, with a toss of her black, thick hair. "I aims ter set up with Abe.

Youns needn't ter tell Pa. I ain't a comin' ter school no more."

"O Millie, you wouldn't!" Curly's quick brain and constant practice in reading was fast adjusting her speech to that of Teacher.

"Youns better keep ter mountain talk," cautioned Millie. "Pa will take youns outer that thar school. Youns air gettin' too much larnin'."

"TER morrow," continued Millie, "I'm agoin'. I'm



Little Curly saw beauty all about her * * * * and the rare glimpse of a cardinal repaid days of drudgery.

startin' ter school, same as you an' Bud. I aint' agoin'. I aims ter go nuttin' with Abe. Weuns fetch some more walnuts, so Granny kin dip youns' head agin."

"I don't want it dipped!" protested Curly. "I want it gold!" Ef you ain't ter school, Bud'll tell Pa."

Millie, towering above her smaller sister, raised a threatening hand.

"Bud he'd best ter hold his tongue. Ef youn's tell, I'll wallop yer!" Then seeing no sign of weakening in the smaller girl, she cast about for better means of enforcing her threat. "Ef youn's tell Pa, I'll burn them tar books! An'," she continued, triumphant that her last threat had struck home, "I aims ter have that thar yellar dress what the Town Lady sent an' the red shawl too. Youns kin tell Granny youns give 'em ter me. Youns kin hev the book and both the tooth brushes. A snuff pick is fancy 'nough fur mel!"

THE next morning Granny Turner inspected the crown of Curly's head critically. A line of bright hair made sharp contrast with the black ends. "I aims ter dip that agin," she commented. "O Granny, leave it be," protested the meek Cassie. "Et's that purty!"

"Youns ma's ma hed hair that away," the old mouth set in grim lines. "An' she died yung. Folks need thick, black hair ter live long. That thar gold nair makes risins too."

After Curly's hair had been dipped until the gold line had completely disappeared, Granny set Curly to feed the fire under the huge pot of sorghum.

"Youns aim ter keep et abilin'," she admonished. "When et biles right smart, ets sweeter, et is. Don't feed them thar doty chips. Watch et smart."

Curly intentions were good. She really wanted to please old Granny. But a cardinal, a beautiful fellow, colored like the shawl Millie had appropriated, flew past. She had to find out where he nested. Quickly she cast about for means of preserving the fire for a few minutes. Doty chips would kill it. She saw two fair sized, blackish rocks protruding from the ground. With a great effort she pried them loose and placed them on the fire to hold a stick of hickory wood in



Curly grabbed the bucket and hurried down the path.

place. Then she gave chase to the elusive bird.

AN hour later she returned, breathless and fearful over the fate of the pot of sorghum. Had the kettle boiled over, spilling the precious sweet? Had it ceased to boil? Granny would be that angry! Certain of punishment she ran around the corner of the house and came upon a startling scene. Granny was down on her knees on one side of the fire. Steve Turner was similarly stooped at the other side. Cassie was standing nearby, eyes bulging, mouth agape. Bud had hurried in from the garden, hoe in hand. Even Millie seemed interested. The stick of hickory wood was entirely burned, but the kettle continued to boil—an even, clear bubble. The two rocks were afire—*burning*, emitting a bright, warm glow!

"Whar youns get that thar black rock?" demanded Steve.

"Over yonder." Curly pointed a shaky finger at her find.

"Them thar rocks is a burnin' like good wood," added Granny. "Better'n wood; better'n hickory."

"O Pa, et's coal! Teacher told us. She showed us in a book, how folks digs it outer the ground!" Bud dropped his hoe and ran to the spot Curly had indicated.

"There's more Pa—lots more!"

"This hyar farm is mighty poor fur crops. Et's got coal. I heerd tell of that thar stuff. Weuns has got rich!" Granny got stiffly to her feet.

"No more hickory ter fetch!" Bud threw his dilapidated cap into the air.

"No more doty chips," beamed Cassie, her broken, decayed teeth becoming super prominent. "That war lucky youns chased that thar purty bird, Curly."

STEVE Turner rose slowly to his full height and leaned upon his gun. "This hyar farm is wuth money," he mused. "I mind how that thar jedge wanted et. I seed coal a burnin' down ter that thar Court House. This hyar farm's his'n. Taint our'n." He glanced toward his mother and the same defiant, unconquerable motive marked both their faces. "Fore that thar jedge gets this hyar, farm, he's agoin' ter pay plenty," he threatened. "Hyar, Millie. Quit allookin' in that thar lookin' glass. Youns and Curly fetch this coal ter the stove!" Shouldering his gun he marched off; erect, defiant, revengeful.

That night the circle gathered close about the glowing hearth, with Curly and the new book as the center.

"This hyar ramrod's a right smart cleaner." It was the first praise Steve Turner had ever made of any of Miss Eunice's gifts.

"That fire's some purty," muttered the old grandmother. "Weuns alivin' right side them black rocks always, and awishin' they was gone!"

"Youns kin tote et in when youns wants et," Bud was elated over his relief as a wood gatherer. "I aims ter quit cuttin' hickory now."

"Whar's Millie?" Steve spoke up, quickly suspicious over her absence.

"She's poorly," Cassie's defense of her absent daughter was over eager. "She ain't lookin' pert nowadays. She's got risins on her neck, she has."

"That thar Abe Walters needn't ter come hereabouts," muttered Steve ominously. "Curly, youns kin read some more. That Prince sure had his troubles."

THE story progressed until Steve Turner raised an authoritative hand. He strode to the water bucket and rattled the dipper against the empty pail suggestively. Bud paid no heed, Cassie continued to pound her dough, the old grandmother took up her

(Continued on page 300)



JIM BRIDGER

THE "Arm of the Pacific" as discovered in our last story by James Bridger was soon found to be an inland salt sea, and, by the trappers and writers of pre-pioneer days, was called "The Grand Salt Lake," being thus designated in 1826 in General William Ashley's legal papers. Three of Ashley's men as you have read, reached this inland sea within a few months of each other. A word on this matter: Bridger discovered the lake and tasted its waters in the late fall of 1824. When Weber river froze, Provot came out of Weber canyon and saw the shining waters to the westward, but as far as we know he knew nothing about the waters being "salty" until so informed the next spring by James Bridger; Jedediah S. Smith coming north through the Raft River country from beyond the Snake river, also fell upon the inland sea in the early spring of 1825.

SOME writers claim that Bridger and Provot turned southward over the sand ridges beyond the Weber river from Provot's winter quarters of 1824-25, west of Ogden, and that these men even skirted the Salt Lake to the present site of Salt Lake City, and possibly to the Utah Lake. Anyway, by the middle of June, 1825, they were on the Green river at Henry's Fork, having already finished their spring trapping on the Weber and Ogden rivers. As no white man before this time had trapped the Weber or Ogden, it is

Bridger Again Fights the Indians

By CARTER E. GRANT

Note: This, the sixth of a series of frontier narratives, is written by Carter E. Grant. The five articles published by the "Era" are, "In the Death Grip of a Grizzly;" "On the Trail Ahead of the Mormons;" "When Jed met the Comanches;" "Jim Bridger Encounters the Red Man;" and "The first White Man to View the Great Salt Lake."

more than likely that these men, knowing of the rich strike close at hand and seeing the desert stretches of the southern sand-ridge unmarked by any streams as far as the eye could see, immediately busied themselves with the beaver catch. Well they knew that other groups of trappers would soon arrive, ready to divide the spoils. Therefore, it is thought that they immediately began trapping up the rivers, proceeding into Summit county, past the Kamas prairie, where they met General Ashley, Sublette, Jedediah S. Smith, Jackson and other great leaders, and then followed with the crowd to the rendezvous on the Green river, 1825, the first trapper's "re-union" to be held within the confines of the Rocky Mountains.

We are informed that "this was a felicitous meeting, and Ashley heard with great interest, from each of the leaders, a recital of their travels and adventures, and especially of the extent and condition of the fur trade as they had observed it." To one living one hundred years away from those exciting times, it hardly seems possible that the waters found by Bridger, Provot and Smith, should be shown upon Ashley's map as a great navigable river, the mythical "Buenaventura," flowing westward into the bay of San Francisco. However, Ashley himself declares that the river followed by Bridger, Provot, Smith, meaning the Weber, emptied into a large lake through which one might easily sail to the mighty Pacific. In July, 1825, he writes: "The necessity of my unremitted attention to my business prevented me from gratifying a great desire to descend the river [Weber] to the ocean, which I ultimately declined with the

greatest reluctance." Only by reading such inaccurate reports can one realize the dearth of knowledge existing at that time about the vast country between the Continental Divide and the far-off Pacific. What a revelation this seven hundred miles of trackless country, comprising desert wastes and snow-capped mountains, would have been to General Ashley could he have boarded a modern "flyer" and swooped across to the Pacific! What a transformation of maps would have followed, for in all this vast triangular space between the Snake and the Colorado no river rising in the Rockies reached the sea.

JAMES Beckwourth and Washington Irving have each painted glowing pictures of this first Rocky Mountain rendezvous on the Green river, of which we have already written. As General Ashley built no block-houses, or forts, he chose accessible feed grounds in various centers for trading places, and to these "Rendezvous" from the most remote streams and lakes, flocked the mountaineers. Others came from the East over a long hot trail, for the great train of supplies from St. Louis invariably arrived in mid-summer. This season also graciously favored the trapper, for pelts were not taken during the "mothering" days of the beaver. Thus the men gathered to the supply camps, bearing their wealth bound in dried packs of peltries. At this first rendezvous in the history of western America, Beckwourth, who was present, informs us that about eight hundred people gathered, one-half of whom were women and children, spouses and offspring of the trappers. He states

that whiskey "flowed like water" and that following the rollicking nights of careless sport and gambling many of the "free trappers" ended their glory in a "borrowing state," having to lease themselves out for a year to company managers in order to even up their accounts.

WHEN General Ashley withdrew, in 1825, his long train of pack animals carried more wealth than any other like outfit in the history of the mountains, writers placing the figures from one to two hundred thousand dollars worth of furs. The general, finding his own horses altogether inadequate, was compelled to borrow a battalion from the Hudson Bay Company trappers who had come in from the Columbia river, and also a number from the Salt Lake men in order that the stacks of furs piled in great heaps in Ashley's out-door trading post might be loaded and started for the States. Jim Bridger and Jedediah Smith with some thirty or forty other men were chosen to accompany the outfits, Smith going all the way to St. Louis, but Bridger only as far as the navigable waters of the Big Horn. The incidents on this dangerous journey have already been told in the articles on Jedediah S. Smith. While at St. Louis, Ashley agreed to sell his holdings to Smith, Sublette and Jackson, but the general was to furnish supplies once a year, sending a large train to the appointed rendezvous. Accordingly these first trail-breakers of the "Oregon Trail" turned westward by the Platte in the early spring of 1826, (twenty-one years ahead of the Pioneers), going into



EARLY INHABITANTS OF THE PLAINS

the mountains accompanied by an abundance of men and some three hundred pack animals, all headed for the meeting place below Ogden on the Weber.

AFTER Bridger and his men saw General Ashley's wealth of furs deposited in bull boats on the rough waters of the Big Horn, they retraced their steps to the Green river, turning thence northward over the mountains to the head waters of the Snake and the Jackson Hole country. Bridger seems to have hidden himself from view this particular fall, some writers claiming that during this time he went into the Yellowstone National Park country, thereby becoming the first white man to see these wonderful expressions of nature. Soon after this Jim began telling strange stories about "hot springs" and of places where the ground trembled as he walked, and where in one small crater he heard a terrible gurgling roar and then

there occurred an awful explosion, resembling thunder, immediately a huge volume of water shot high into the air, falling in torrents around him, almost washing him along with it. To be sure, at these strange stories, the mountain men laughed, nudging one another, not knowing then how truthfully Bridger spoke.

By the late fall of 1825, Bridger was again back at Willow Valley, (Cache Valley) near the place from which he cut himself loose a little more than a year before in a bull boat for the Great Salt Lake. Just at this time Beckwourth with seventy trappers sent by Ashley, arrived on the scene. Beckwourth states in his journal that the general offered him \$1000 for making the long trip, guiding the new men to their destination and announcing to Sublette that Ashley was willing to sell to Smith, Sublette and Jackson and agreeing to accompany a great pack train to the Salt Lake rendezvous at the forks of the Weber and Ogden in the early summer of 1826. Therefore, before the winter snow set in, the various trappers cached their furs in Cache Valley and moved winter quarters to the Weber. This was Provot's camping grounds of the year previous, and altogether a very acceptable territory for wintering animals. It was here that the Bannocks stole eighty horses and carried them to the Portneuf country, near Pocatello. The story of the fight is told in our third article of this series.



INDIAN CAMP NEAR OGDEN

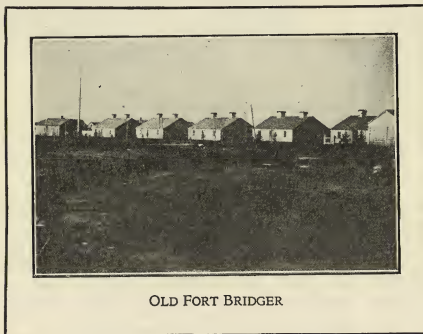
ALTER, writing on "James Bridger," says, "The Salt

Lake rendezvous that winter, at the present site of Ogden City, was one of the greatest gatherings of the kind known to mountaineers. Hundreds of trappers from all parts of the west came to avail themselves of the agreeable company and the genial climate. A great many of the older men had squaw wives, and families of children, the trapping body proper thus totaling around seven hundred. [These figures are substantiated by other writers.] But toward winter a tribe of Snake Indians invited themselves to the rendezvous, bringing all their families, live stock and other property. Beckwourth says they numbered 2500, making a total population of about 3200."

It is claimed that because the Snake Indians had ability to conceal themselves like serpents that they came rightly by their lowly name; still others say this name was given them because of unclean manner of life, living upon roots, digging in the ground, etc. In any case, it seems "they were poor providers and inveterate beggars, usually impoverished and not always as clean as other Indians." With it all, nevertheless, their young women proved themselves so exceptionally attractive to the lonesome mountain men that every now and then a young dark-eyed maiden was led in Indian marriage to the white man's lodge. In later years "Jim" himself took one of these "daughters of the Lamanites," to his Fort on the Green river, making the third Indian wife he "fell her to." It is said that the Snake Indian visitors proved very religious, carrying on many rites in their large, "Medicine Lodge" or "religious tabernacle," a place set apart somewhat from the other lodges. Here during the long winter days, "both Indians and whites whiled away much of the time, having their future read by the medicine man or high priest."

AS soon as the south winds of February, 1826, began melting the snow, four men were sent down the Weber in bull boats and began exploring the Salt Lake. Dale says, "For more than three

weeks these primitive navigators rowed slowly around the lake near the shore in quest of beaver-bearing streams, and also for the outlet of the lake. As fresh water inlets were comparatively scarce, especially along the barren westerly shore, the trapper explorers suffered intensely at times for drinking water; they also experienced a shortage of game for food." Having circled the lake, they left their boats



OLD FORT BRIDGER

near the mouth of the Bear river and made their way over the eastern hills to Cache Valley where they met Bridger and Fitzpatrick. They gave a very discouraging report of the lake for game and beaver. Neither had they found the famous "Buenaventura" river which was shown on all early maps as heading in the Rockies and emptying into the Pacific. As far as is known, no other mountaineers ventured on the lake until John C. Fremont explored it in a rubber canoe almost twenty years later. He in turn was followed by the "Mormons."

While Bridger was camped in Cache Valley, a fearless brigade leader, "Logan," began a trapping detour of some of the streams. While near the present site of Logan City, he with his men were surprised by the Indians and completely annihilated. A searching party, turning aside into every thicket and ravine failed to locate any of the unfortunate men's bodies. Thus we see how completely the savages could carry on their foul deeds.

SHORTLY after Logan's death, some of the trappers having gone north to the mouth of

Portneuf, found a hornet's nest of Blackfeet there. Immediately a sharp battle took place. We are informed that swift retribution overtook the Indians and that the white men withdrew with five long-haired scalps, while the sixth coveted prize before it could be "lifted" jumped into the river on a wounded savage and was carried away by the rapid current.

When the spring trapping drew to a close, Bridger and his men raised their various caches in Willow Valley and made their way to the Salt Lake rendezvous of 1826 on the Weber. They had just arrived, when an Indian runner, acting as a scout for Robert Campbell and his trappers, came hurrying into camp completely exhausted, saying, "White men need powder! They soon die! Blackfeet, big crowd, fight hard." He informed his anxious hearers that the scene of battle was a day's travel on a horse, about forty miles or more to the southward, where the lake meets the mountain, possibly south of the present site of Farmington.

IT was enough! Bridger, Provot, Beckwourth and several others mounted on swift horses were soon speeding over the sand knolls and sagebrush mounds of the sand-ridge, realizing that moments saved might mean life to their friends. It seems that in their anxiety to give aid they thought little of their own peril and the hazardous trap that awaited them. At length, seeing their friends encamped in the willows, forward they urged their tired horses. Shortly after the re-union the Indians again made an attack, expecting to clean up the whole battalion, but they were repulsed by the unerring marksmanship of the trappers, who, as Beckwourth records, brought down an Indian with almost every pop of the rifle. As the fight lasted unreasonably long and the little band saw their real danger, Bridger and sixteen of his companions decided to rout the foe by a sudden bold rush toward the Indian's stronghold, thereby causing the usual savage stampede.

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Don't Lie to an Indian

A Campfire Story

By PROF. J. H. PAUL

AN early settler of the Tooele region was Tom Hale.

Long before the white inhabitants amounted to much in the way of numbers, his ranch and cabin were widely known. Both Indians and whites acknowledged his prowess, and he was especially famed among his red neighbors. His record as a hunter and a wrestler was heralded afar by the native tribes. Early respected and feared by the savages for unerring marksmanship with his long rifle, he had become known also as a wrestler whom few opponents were ever lucky enough to down in a rough-and-tumble match. Many an Indian was especially trained to wrestle with him in friendly rivalry; and when one of them managed to gain a fall over

the champion, the fact was carried from tribe to tribe as an event of vast importance.

Among the red men, however, there was no triumphant rejoicing when one of their race won a victory over Hale—only friendly good feeling with genial laughter and good-natured congratulations. For the Indians liked Hale, and had given him a name—"Strong Arm"—because of his terrific grip in the wrestling contests. They liked him, too, because he had always dealt fairly with them, never taking advantage over even the least of their race. In his numerous trades and deals with either new or old acquaintances he always played fair; so that they bartered freely with him for the various articles they needed.

HALE, moreover, had a saying, which was also widely made known—a sort of motto that was verified anew by each transaction the red men had with him—"Never lie to an Indian." In the simple life he lived, this rule held good for all people of either race; and neither friend nor foe had reason to complain that at any time he had sought to deceive them. The result, especially among the Indians, was genuine respect and admiration for Hale—a real friendship that made him feel secure in the presence of marauding bands of redskins, who would spare nothing of other men's property nor even their lives.

The incident that follows, based on the original story by Elizabeth Cannon Porter, has received corroboration, with slight variations, when related to the writer by various descendants of the original Hale family—a family now wide-



ly distributed through many of the Rocky Mountain States.

ONE summer day, as Tom Hale stood musing at the door of his cabin, his eye was attracted by a cloud of dust arising from the road far out on the desert that lay westward of his home. The cloud came nearer; it was not a whirlwind; and, the day being calm, not a breath was stirring. Hale paused, for the sight was unusual; and as the little white billows of the desert rolled forward, he made out two human forms running swiftly toward him; and soon from out of the white mist sped a powerful Indian followed by a young Indian mother carrying her babe in the papoose basket tied to her head and shoulders.

As the two rushed panting up to Hale, the red man exclaimed, "Hide us quickly, Strong Arm; I am Arrowpine, the Ute chief; the Shoshones are after us. They will kill me and carry into slavery my young wife."

Hale had met Arrowpine and liked the man; they had hunted together and were friends. He thrust the pair into his cabin and pulled back a rag carpet from a hatchway in the floor; the Indians dropped into the cellar out of sight.

PROFESSOR J. H. Paul, formerly president of the B. Y. College, then of the Agricultural College of Utah, later of the L. D. S. college in Salt Lake City, then for 22 years professor of natural science at the University of Utah, prior to these engagements, published a book, "Readings and Recitations," while first a teacher at the University. For thirty years he has been a contributor to papers and magazines, having dealt chiefly with political science, philosophy, and education. He admits a passion for literature, but writes chiefly to establish certain ideals in character building, social welfare, and politics. To foster appreciation of the beautiful in nature and the habit of learning truth at first hand, he often writes for schools and scouts on the plant, bird, and insect life of the West. The conservation of natural resources, the prevention of floods, and similar present-day problems, so absorb his time that he claims he cannot even attempt literary production. He is the author of five books and a score of pamphlets on Western nature topics, several University bulletins, and many tariff and taxation papers. This story illustrates his method of interesting boy scouts and others in the value of accurate knowledge of man and nature.

Hale replaced the door and the carpet just when a shout from his young son Sol announced another and greater cloud of dust approaching out on the desert road.

STANDING unconcernedly outside of the cabin, Hale watched the clouds of dust roll near; soon out of them came galloping a band of Shoshones mounted on Indian cayuses. They were fully armed, their faces streaked with red paint, their bows in hand and arrows ready, their faces eager and determined. Riding up to Hale and saluting the white man, whom he knew, the leader asked, "Have you seen two Indians—a chief and his squaw—come this way?"

For a moment Hale was puzzled, and stroked his chin; he had never lied to an Indian and hated to do so even in this emergency. As he turned and lifted his eyes to a hill on his left, a little cloud of dust arose there. With a shout as they saw the dust, the Indians wheeled their horses to the right

and dashed toward the hill, thinking that Hale had intended to give them the hint to go in that direction. As soon as they were well up the hill, Hale removed the carpet and door from the hiding place of the Indian couple, who eagerly climbed out.

"We are here on a visit to Northern Utes," Arrowpine explained, "and were out by ourselves picking chokecherries when the Shoshones discovered us. They hate the Southern Utes and would like to get me for torture, because I have often defied or beaten them in battle. My young wife would meet a horrible fate if we should fall into their hands."

"Could you find your way back to the friendly tribe," Hale asked, "if one of us should lead you by a secret trail to the Northern road?"

"Yes," answered Arrowpine; "We know the way from there, and could elude the Shoshones."

"Who will go as their guide?" inquired Hale, looking around on his neighbors, who had come in upon hearing that Indians in war paint were about. None of them, however, was willing to undertake so dangerous an errand. Hale's question remained unanswered till his young son Sol, then about nine years of age, spoke out, saying, "I'll go, Father; I know every step of the way, and can be back in a few hours."

INSTANTLY Sol's mother protested that he was too young to risk his life on such a journey, with the chance of falling into the hands of the raging Shoshones; but after some hesitation Hale said, "Mother, let him go; he will be as safe as anyone; and it will be hours before the Shoshones get back, even if they should return this way."

Food for the journey was quickly prepared for



Typical landscape of Southwestern deserts. In the foreground the branching Yucca (*Yucca arborescens*) or Joshua tree, the most wild-looking of desert growths. The leaves are keen-pointed, bayonet-like, and 6 to 10 inches long.

the Indians and off toward the northern hills went Sol on a smooth trot, closely followed by Arrowpine and his young wife carrying the Indian baby on her back in the basket woven of sumach branches. The entire company, watching them, breathed with relief as the little party finally disappeared among the cedars, where even the field glass could not locate them.

The anxious hours dragged slowly; but at nightfall, a faint shout was heard from the cedars on the distant hillside. The call came nearer, accompanied by the steady beating of feet—the Indian dog-trot; and out of the twilight into the arms of his waiting mother emerged the lad, exhausted, but otherwise not one whit worse for his perilous adventure. For Sol had learned how to cover distance without exhausting himself. He could keep his lips closed for a long time while he ran, scarcely interrupting the easy coyote glide, and traveling with no other refreshment than was afforded by a few grains of parched corn. These he held in his mouth till they slowly dissolved, sufficiently moistening his throat as, hour by hour, he sped on and on. There was rejoicing at the Hale cabin on his safe return; and the Shoshones had not even yet made their reappearance, nor were they heard of again till the next day, when



"Indian mother carrying her babe in a papoose basket tied to her head and shoulders."



Arrowpine and his wife were far beyond their power.

SEVEN years had passed from the time of this incident. Young Hale, now sixteen, had become skilled in frontier life and out-door experiences, which had included several visits to Indian tribes. Arrowpine was again in the North, engaged in training a select body of his younger braves. A blunder by inexperienced travelers going to California had resulted in the death of one of Arrowpine's young men; and not even the influence of their wise chief had been able to hold them back from taking revenge on the whites. Indian-like, they sought vengeance, not on the fools who had slain one of their comrades, but on the first white people they might meet; and so they came sweeping through northwestern Utah, stealing, plundering, ravaging, burning.

When Arrowpine had found that he could not restrain his men, he had placed himself at their head, with the desire to curb and lessen their depredations. Word of their onslaught sent the people for miles around to the Hale ranch for safety. On came the Utes, sweeping up all the horses, cattle, and sheep they could come across. Hastily the livestock were driven to the Hale ranch, where a large enclosure with water from a spring afforded easy facilities for guarding them.

With the stock thus folded, all seemed well, and the people could await with confidence the approach of the marauding Utes. Then Tom Hale suddenly remembered some choice animals in a distant pasture over the mountain—stock that had been overlooked and forgotten while the others were being driven in. It would not do to leave them

out, so Hale called for a volunteer to go and bring them. No one spoke; but several looked in the direction of a dashing Mexican visiting among them and present that day at Hale's. He had told of his adventures, and was no doubt a fellow of a good deal of nerve and daring; but he was silent under this challenge, though many thought he should have been the first to volunteer.

In the suspense that followed, young Hale spoke up, declaring himself willing to go, his mother protesting earnestly, just as she had done seven years before in a similar affair. The Mexican, who well knew the dangers of the errand, sneered at the young man's temerity, remarking that he would give Sol his silver spurs if he should come back alive—a taunt that made young Hale the more determined to undertake the job. It was decided, over his mother's remonstrances, to let him try it; and away he went afoot upon the precarious task of bringing in the distant livestock before the Indians could reach them.

WHEN he had crossed the mountain and reached the pasture, he found it already raided. The Indians had been there and had driven off the animals, though

which way they had gone was uncertain. Yet he judged, from certain signs he had been trained to recognize, that Indians were even then getting between him and the ranch house, so he took to the cedars to make a long circuit back. To keep under cover, however, he had to make so wide a detour that darkness came on and he was still many miles from home; he was hungry, and it was growing cold.

As he threaded his way, stooping, hiding, crawling at times, he came upon a calf, which he recognized as one of the Hale animals. He knew that it would presently seek its mother, so, urging it forward a little, he followed its zigzag meanderings in the darkness, till, in answer to its bleat, came the welcome "Moo-oo" of its mother, telling them which way to go; and as the calf knelt on one side, by the cow for its milk, Sol knelt on the other, milking into his mouth till hunger and thirst were satisfied with the warm, welcome fluid. Then the cow lay down with the calf beside her. Some claim that Sol wedged himself between them to keep warm. At all events, on a bed of leaves, he fell sound asleep.

Just before daylight the boy awoke, impressed with the feeling that he was in grave danger. As he stood up and tried to pierce the darkness, he fancied that shad-



From Painting by Le Conte Stewart.
THE CREEK BED, A TYPICAL OASIS SCENE IN WESTERN UTAH

owy forms of tents loomed not very far away. When his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he made out a few tents, besides many human forms stretched out upon the earth. It was the Ute camp, and he had been sleeping within 300 yards of it. There it was, slowly becoming visible right before his eyes.

HE knew the ways of Indians and was well aware of the fact that he could not get away. That they had not found him already was due merely to the circumstance that animals were all about, so that the guards had paid little attention to this one, which they must have heard and seen. He decided to do as trained scouts everywhere have done under such circumstances: he would go straight into the encampment.

As he walked toward the big tent, Indians lying on the ground sprang up and seized him. They threw him to the earth, then bound his hands and feet. Hearing the commotion, a chief came out of the tent. It was Arrowpine, and the youth recognized him. The chief spoke sternly.

"What are you doing here? and why did you come into my camp?" he asked in anger. "Are you a spy?"

"I came here," answered the youth, "to find my father's animals, which your men have driven away."

"Who is your father?" demanded the chief; "and who are you?"

"My father is Tom Hale; I am Sol Hale and no spy, but a friend of the red man," the boy responded.

"Are you Strong Arm's son?" asked the chief, peering doubtfully through the dim light at the prostrate form beside him. "Don't lie to me."

"I do not lie; neither did my father ever deceive you or your people," declared the boy in strong tones.

"Stand him up," the chief commanded; and they stood him erect before Arrowpine, who eyed him keenly. But the boy had changed so much in seven years that the Indian leader failed to recognize him. "Can you prove to me," the chief asked, "that you are Strong Arm's son?"

"Seven years ago, when you

were hidden in my father's house to get away from the Shoshones. I led you and your young wife with her baby boy through the cedars and along the secret trail to the Northern road; and I had to run all the way back to the ranch, for the Shoshones might have captured me."

In answer to these questions by the chief, Sol gave significant details of the journey—details that only those who made it could accurately relate: how they had stopped only once at a tiny spring to drink and rest a few minutes before running on again; what the chief had said as they parted that day; the token that the chief had given him as a mark of his gratitude—a grizzly's tooth, which the boy had strung upon his leather-woven watch chain, and which he now asked the chief to look at.

THE chief had closely watched the youth during this testimony, his features changing and his face lighting up as he remembered the race through the cedars; and now, in the clearer light of the dawn, he recognized in the youth the boy who had stood by him in his hour of need.

"Unbind him," the chief commanded his men; and they untied the rawhide thongs they had wound about him. Sol rubbed his wrists and ankles, then faced the chief.

"Would you know your father's animals if you saw them?" asked Arrowpine, this time in a friendly and considerate voice.

"I could pick them out anywhere," young Hale answered.

"Then follow me," said the chief, striding off toward a large enclosure where the animals secured during the raid were being guarded by watchers.

The chief spoke to his men, who straightway proceeded to drive the animals one by one past a sort of gate where stood the chief and young Hale. When one of his father's stock would pass, Hale would say, "That's ours," and the guards would turn it out of the enclosure. One after another he picked out his father's animals till he felt that he had nearly all of them.

Just then a handsome mare came trotting up to the gate, her eyes shining, nostrils blown, head

erect, and tail held high, as she pranced and plunged, showing that the blood of her Arabian ancestry had lost none of its fire by her transfer from the deserts of Asia to those of America. She did not belong to the Hales; she had been imported for breeding purposes by a near friend and neighbor.

As young Hale saw her come forward, he began to think of the loss the whole community would suffer if he did not claim her and take her home to his father's friend; and a battle as fierce as those waged on fields of carnage began to rage in his brain. The horse was not his father's, to be sure; but these Indian thieves had no right to her, so why should he not deceive them and recover her to the people?—especially, he argued to himself, since the redskins would probably make little good use of her, and by abuse and neglect would soon destroy her extraordinary value. On the other hand there arose in his mind the words of his father, "Never lie to an Indian;" and after a brief hesitation, the Indians eyeing him closely, he shook his head, saying, "She is not ours."

THE chief immediately called for a guard to escort young Hale and his stock back to the vicinity of the Hale ranch. A murmur of disapproval, amounting almost to mutiny, rose in words and gestures of increasing excitement from the assembled braves. For they had understood little of the English conversation between Arrowpine and young Hale; and they now perceived that they were to be cheated of both their intended human victim and of many of the animals they had rounded up in the raid.

In words of fervor and eloquence, Arrowpine now addressed his men, relating how the life of their chief and of his wife and young son had been saved by this son of their famous friend, the well known Strong Arm.

The braves, after talking it over, accepted the chief's decision. A select guard forthwith escorted young Hale and the livestock back to the vicinity of the ranch. As Sol drove in the stock, he found a large company in a high state of nervous tension awaiting news of

him. By this time they believed him to be killed or captured.

There had been little sleep at the ranch through the night. Sol's mother had paced the floor of her room; his father with scouting parties had scoured the country in all directions in search of him, but had not been numerous enough to invade the Indian camp.

That morning the Indians moved off with their plunder. The young Mexican forgot his promise of the silver spurs; but an old hunter gave Sol a fine saddle, while the people voiced their admiration in many ways. Last and not least, a maiden, lovely as any wild flower of the desert looked into his eyes—into his very soul.

WITH two of the small children, the girl, resting on a pile of hay in a corner of the large barn, had passed an almost sleepless night. The one quilt was sufficient for warmth, but sleep for her was out of the question, not from fear, but from anxiety for the youth Sol. Towards dawn she fell into a dreamy slumber, in which it seemed that she and the bronzed youth were once more climbing the steep ravine to the little spring with its sparkling water.

And when the hiding squirrel's nest

They sought far up the hills,
They bathed their reeking fore-
heads cool

Among the mountain rills.

"By manly mind," writes Scott, "not even in sleep is will resigned," meaning that strong natures control the course of their dreams; and just when the sleep of the young dreamer deepened, a canyon wren, alighting on the tip of the high-pointing pole of the immense hay-derrick, poured down a shower of tinkling, silvery melodies, which, lute-like, came rippling to her consciousness. The desert air, laden with ozone and fragrant with the smell of earth and aromatic shrubs, breathed fresh across landscapes vividly painted in the glowing dawn. From cottonwoods along the creek bed sighed a mourning dove's faint fluting. All at once the notes of a violin mingled with the bird melodies. Fogelberg, the Norwegian master of music, had intercepted Edna, the marvelous soprano, as

she returned with a pitcher of water from the spring, and here in the open they were rehearsing again for the approaching Conference. Blending gloriously, this exquisite harmony of singing violin



The Desert Nightingale, the Sage Thrasher, was throwing his softly brilliant notes into the bird chorus.

and soprano voice sobbed forth in ecstasy Schubert's serenade. "And the nightingale is singing—bid it, Love, be still." For the *desert* nightingale was singing,—the sage thrasher, cousin to the mocking-bird, had thrown his softly brilliant notes into the bird chorus. The sweet, the olden strains, with the delirious bird whistling, had calmed the sleeper; her limbs were relaxed, her mind at peace; a murmur of happiness stole through her rest. Others joining in the rehearsal, the music changed; and she seemed to be practicing with the village choir, which arose and sang, "Bright o'er the hills shines the day-star of gladness," followed by the triumphant paean, "Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness."

As the first sunbeam gleamed through an opening in the boards, she awoke and rose quickly. A faint whinny from a hill top saluted her ears; it was the voice of Tiny Tim, her gray pet colt, which she had given up as lost when the Indians had gathered in during the raid of the day before. Hurrying outside, she saw a band of stock coming down the slope, the gray colt leading. With

a call she summoned the animal, which came trotting, then playfully rubbed its nose against her arm. The girl lifted her eyes; Sol was approaching. She ran towards him, barely able to keep from throwing her arms about his neck, as he looked laughing into her eyes already brimming with tears.

"Your mother has missed you and longed for you!" she exclaimed. "And did you?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, Sol!" was all she could answer. For a brief moment he caught her in his arms. Soon she was running back past the others, who by this time, with cheers and exclamations, were swarming out from the ranch. On to his mother she sped with the good news, while the neighbors were almost carrying the youth to the house. Was ever a home-coming better than this?

YEARS passed, and Hale, visiting in Southern Utah, met the aged chief Arrowpine. "Do you remember me, Arrowpine?" asked Hale.

"Yes," answered the chief, "you are the son of Strong Arm."

"Can you recollect the morning I claimed my father's stock?"

"Yes," said Arrowpine, "I sometimes think of it."

"Do you recall the fine mare that belonged to my father's friend, the mare that I wanted to claim, but did not?"

"I do," said Arrowpine; "I was watching you."

"Tell me, big chief, what would have happened had I claimed the mare?"

"You should have had her," the chief answered; "but you never could have got home again."

"Why not?" asked Hale.

"You saw," said Arrowpine, "the difficulty I had in restraining my young men. They knew whose animal the mare was, and in spite of all that I could have done, they would have waylaid you and filled your body with their arrows had you attempted to deceive them by claiming an animal that they considered their own by right of conquest."

And so it has become a motto handed down among the Hale families to this day—"Don't lie to an Indian," nor to anyone else.

From Ox Cart to Airplane

By GERTRUDE MUSSER

FROM Garden Grove, Iowa, in 1848, Mary Elizabeth White started across the plains with her family, by ox team and cart.

Garden Grove was only a little village of log huts and dugouts—not at all like a garden—and yet to a group of outcast Latter-day Saints it offered a welcome protection from the persecutions of their enemies and from the cold of the Iowa winter. Here, on the 7th of Nov., 1846, Mary Elizabeth White was born, the third child of Samuel Dennis White and Mary Hannah Burton, both of whom had joined the Church in 1837. The prospects for the little girl were not bright; there was sickness—in each corner of the room which sheltered her mother was a bed on which some afflicted person lay; there was poverty—the Saints had left their homes in such haste they were poorly fitted for the long journey ahead, and food was hard to obtain; there was misery—the log houses had been crudely built and did not succeed in shutting out the winter. It was a case of the survival of the fittest, and Mary, being one of the fittest, survived and was happy in the prairie home.

BEFORE the family moved across the plains another child, William Henry, was born, and Mary was in her fourth year. The journey was one long to be remembered by even such a little girl. The huge mountains, threatening in the distance, were terrifying at first, but after they became commonplace it was hard to keep her in the wagon home. Every time they halted, stones had to be placed under the wheels to keep the wagon from rolling down hill, and it was the worry of her mother's life that Mary would pinch her fingers under the big wheels or that she would get too close to the feet of the oxen, but Father White would



MARY ELIZABETH WHITE MUSSER

say, "Don't worry, Mother. She'll be all right."

REACHING Salt Lake Valley they camped there for a short time, but soon after were sent to settle at Lehi. Mary was sent to the school, such as it was, where she learned the mysteries of the printed page. It was a proud time for her when she finally succeeded in mastering the difference between "d" and "b" and could read. After about four years in Lehi they were sent to colonize farther south, at Cedar City. They worked hard, but the desert refused to blossom like a rose, and after several years the majority of the settlers moved to a new location near the old, hoping to have better success, but the Whites went north to Beaver and made this their permanent home.

THE family by this time had increased to nine members, and upon Mary devolved a good part of the responsibility in the home. This meant a great deal in those days, for besides the cooking, cleaning, sewing, washing and churning, there were spinning, carding,

candlemaking and a hundred other things to be done. Twice her father was called to pilot companies of immigrants to the valley from the point where the railroad ended, and once her brother Orson went. Returning from these trips they brought with them such luxuries as factory-made cloth and spools of cotton thread, to the delight of the women folks.

THERE was always work to be done, but as they had done while crossing the plains, the pioneers supplemented their toil with dancing and games, and even more elaborate amusements. Then Mary had been simply an onlooker, or more probably, had been fast asleep during the revelry, but now she was in the center of the fun. She danced

with Brigham Young several times, but more often with the young traveling bishop, Amos Milton Musser, who had recently returned from a round-the-world missionary tour, a man full of enthusiasm and vigor and possessed of the quality of making people like him. In 1864 he and Mary were married. Six children of her husband's, in addition to ten of their own, Mary cared for and they loved her as their mother. This responsibility was the more keenly felt since her husband was away so much of the time. After his release in 1876 as Traveling Bishop of the Church, he was appointed General Superintendent of the Deseret Telegraph Company, which position also required his absence from home a good part of the time.

THE "underground" days were very trying for everyone. Mr. Musser was convicted under the Edmunds-Tucker Law and sentenced to serve six months in the State Penitentiary. During this time, through Mary's ingenuity, his prison fare was supplemented with smuggled delicacies. After his release he continued as before—



living with his families and going to the office each morning—but they had to be continually on the alert for spying deputies. The mother of Moses could have had no harder time to keep her child from the soldiers of Pharaoh.

Of her children, four sons have filled missions, two have served their country in war, and one is a prominent lawyer. There are thirty-seven grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren scattered from Hawaii to Baltimore, and from Wyoming to St. George, to bear witness of her wonderful life and the integrity of her soul.

SOME folks are hardened and embittered by the experiences of life; others, like Grandmother Musser, grow nobler and sweeter. Her eighty-three years have brought into her life hardships, anxiety and sorrow—five of her children have been taken by death the eldest son in his young manhood, three in their childhood, and one as the mother of a family—but each year has made her richer in experiences, stronger in service and dearer to the hearts of her children. Some folks stop growing at fifty and spend the rest of their lives looking backwards into the past; others, like Grandmother Musser,

enriched by the experiences of the past, are forever learning and growing. She has not, nor will she ever reach the stage when she would be content to sit, her hands folded in her lap, dreaming of that which has gone; nor will she ever be too old to find some way to help others.

FAMILIAR with the changing conditions of life, from persecution to safety, from hardship to ease, from poverty and privation to comfort, she had yet one comparison to make. Knowing practically all there was to know of older methods of transportation, she was eager to try the latest facilities, and in August, 1928, she added to her experience of ox cart, railroad and automobile a trip in a Fairchild cabin monoplane. Having donned her best attire, very different from the rough clothing of 1850, she calmly climbed into the plane and was taken over the valley. From the heights she looked down on the trail which had led their weary feet from persecution and hatred to the new promised land of opportunity.

"It was a wonderful experience," she said. "I suppose we will all of us be using airplanes habitually before long."

Your Better Self— God's Understudy

BY JOHN T. WOODBURY, JR.
Dixie College Department of Religious Education

YOUNG man, do you want to live to be three-score and ten and still be in your prime?

Do you want after all those years to have yet a vigorous mind in a sound body?

Do you want the moral fiber, the iron will, the ethical stability, that make men strong for the right?

Do you want to be the captain of your own fate, the helmsman

of your own world cruise, the harbingers of the better, the greater, the nobler, man to be?

Do you yearn for the power to command yourself at all times without equivocation?

The Lord of the Universe intended that you should have all these things and more. He has done His part and the rest is up to you. He has furnished you a good body and important instructions about the care of it. The essence of those instructions, like the essential of the moral law, is honesty in action. It reads: Thou shalt not lie to the body, neither by deadening it with opiates nor narcotics to give it false peace, nor by spurring it on to action by stimulants when no basic strength is furnished. Neither the pseudo rest of deadened nerves, nor the hectic flush of stimulants is conducive to health. They sap the energies, stun the will, and destroy the conscience.

"Tobacco and strong drink are not good for man," neither is much meat. Fruits, and grains and green leafy vegetables, in their seasons, are good for man.

Common sense should temper all man's activities. Nothing in excess should be the rule—moderation in all things.

The Lord promises you health and strength if you use wisdom in your living. A feeling of mighty manhood and moral power will be the result of such a life. These things are within your reach now. Grasp them before you lose through indulgence, the desire to admire, and the ability to acquire the life of perfect self-control.

It's up to you. Be men!

HEALTH is, indeed, so necessary to all the duties as well as pleasures of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly; and he that for a short gratification brings weakness and diseases upon himself, and for the pleasure of a few years passed in the tumults of diversion and clamors of merriment condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be justly reproached, not only as a spendthrift of his happiness, but as a robber of the public; as a wretch that has voluntarily disqualified himself for the business of his station, and refused that part which Providence assigns him in the general task of human nature.—*Samuel Johnson.*

An American Prince

By

ELSIE TALMAGE BRANDLEY

A PRINCE, the dictionary assures us briefly, is one of the highest rank—the son of a reigning monarch. From time immemorial the title has carried with it a touch of glamor, a gleam of enchantment and witchery. The words "Once upon a time there lived a wonderful Prince" have been enough to call the children from every corner of the room, to gather in rapturous anticipation at the feet of the teller of tales, and listen in absorbed silence to the rest of the story. A Prince, to childhood, is a magnificent being, clothed in glory and power and golden robes, whose chief duty in life it is to ride about on a splendid charger and accomplish great and good works for the benefit of the humble and downtrodden.

TO youth, a Prince is still a magnificent being, still clothed in glory and power, and still in possession of the splendid charger; but by now he is less concerned with the poor and persecuted, and more definitely given to sports and games, in which he is unerringly the winner. It is his royal prerogative; he is every inch a ruler and a peer.

To young manhood and womanhood, a Prince is a contemporary, more fortunate than other human beings may ever hope to be. His position is one of eminence; his every word important. His authority is unquestioned; his power absolute. Illustrious is his name and brilliant are his opportunities. Honor, dignity, respect and love are accorded him in limitless quantity, and every word, every thought, every deed is given a fitting amount of attention. To be a Prince! What more could life offer? Affluence, fame and position; and the wildly enthusiastic plaudits of the world heaped upon him who is without fault in their eyes.

FOR centuries nations have rendered homage to their Prince of the realm; have loved him

exalted him and enshrined him in their hearts. He has represented the splendor and majesty of the nobility to whose sway every subject has loyally submitted. The supremacy of the royal family has typified the glory of the land. The honor of the empire has gone hand in hand with the honor of the royal house. Imperishable the sovereign; immortal the country. And while the King is in reality the head of the dynasty, the Prince, by virtue of his youth and courage, has exemplified royalty. All that was regal, all that was glorious and glorified, has been regarded as characteristic of princeship. The Prince, it was tacitly agreed, could do no wrong; but right or wrong, he was a Prince; and history is replete with examples of the rightness of some princes and the wrongness of others.

Time, the master of change and progress, has been busy of late years with the matter of kingdoms and principalities. Kings and Princes (except in story books) are not what they were. Dynasties have fallen, empires have toppled, majesty has disintegrated—the Hohenzollerns despised and scorned; the Romanoffs fleeing for their lives; and others once imperial, no longer existent as poten-

moner; Carol of Rumania relinquished his hope of a throne for the reality of a girl's love, and while his compatriots love him for his daring, they have repudiated him for his lack of integrity to all that they have held dear. He is a Prince, but too human.

AMERICA, the land which has never known the dominion of a sovereign; never suffered the ignoble persecution of unrighteous rulers; never bent beneath the burden of false aristocracy, had regarded royalty with unfavorable eyes. America is made up of people from the countries which have not been free. Russia, Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, Britain and many other lands have sent here those of their people who have been drawn together under the stars and stripes by a bond of sympathy, ambition and desire for freedom. The ignorant, despised and poor have mingled in friendship and equality with the energetic, wholesome and literate, and all have raised, as with one voice, a cry of thanksgiving and praise for the glorious blessings and privileges which are theirs. A free people are they—free from the deadening influence of caste, free from the oppression of rank, free from the inhumanity of militarism. Free, in a land where "kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood." The land of the free! America!

TWO missionaries had arranged an open-air meeting in Germany. The senior, a faithful but timid boy of twenty, had been in the field ten months; his companion five. A local member was to speak but failed them. The choir drew a crowd. Timid and backward in the language, the older missionary, with ashy face, arose. A few halting words—then the people listened astonished. His voice was like an angel's clarion call—no hesitation, no foreign accent. A real American Prince.

tates, even in the hearts of their countrymen.

There are cases in some of the less militant countries in which royalty is still regal and nobility still noble, but even in these are signs of unmistakable change. While prestige and power still remain, autocracy has diminished. Mary of England married a com-

alting and dignifying. In this great American country to which people have fled for safety and peace and recognition, a royal dynasty is being formed. The very ones who have loathed class distinction and decried aristocracy are creating for themselves a new royalty; and at its head is he who epitomizes all that is illustrious



salvation to the whole world.

THE American Prince who would truly lay claim to descent in the royal line of his patriot ancestors must be possessed of religion in its widest and deepest sense; and here in the west, where the power of faith was strong enough to guide and direct and uphold the Pioneers in the undertaking which entailed greater hardship and deprivation than we of this generation can even imagine, is to be found the finest

and patrician. His qualifications are not birth and breeding in an imperial line, but courage, patriotism and sportsmanship. His crown is not of gold and precious stones, but laurels of accomplishment resting on his brow. His robes are not of velvet and regal purple, but the invisible cloak of democracy, fair play and honor of which every true American is justly proud. Frequently the actual raiment in evidence is the athletic suit, or hunting regalia, for the spirit of good fellowship is exemplified in athlete and sportsman. The out-of-doors is his shrine, and unbounded vitality his scepter.

IDEALIZATION is one element in the life of any person, community or nation which insures progress and growth, but the ideals must be selected thoughtfully. Glorification of an inglorious thing is deadly; honoring a dishonorable principle is destructive. When exaltation gives place to exultation, values become valueless.

We are a nation of hero-worshippers, but on the stability and merit of the heroes worshipped will the country gain or lose in power. The mastery of money, fealty given to fame, the peerage of position and sovereignty of success will never raise a people one whit nearer a higher plane of civilization, but will stultify and stereotype toward stagnation.

AMERICA is too glorious a country to let the easy way of least resistance lure her away from the straight and narrow path in which she early planted her courageous feet. The wars she fought for freedom and for right surely shall not be interpreted to mean freedom from responsibility and the right to forget the debt she owes to those who threw off the shackles of the old world and bravely made their way across an unknown sea into an unknown land, that they and their children, and we, their children's children, might live our own lives and have freedom of conscience. When the founders of America gave us the right to worship as we desired, they surely intended that forever we should preserve the desire to worship. Are American citizens who are such by virtue of the religious courage which gave their forebears strength to accomplish an almost impossible purpose in the face of almost insurmountable barriers, displaying the sportsmanship and fairness they claim to cherish, when they knowingly desecrate the ideals to which these heroic Pilgrims dedicated their lives? The America which is in truth the "land of the free and the home of the brave" is made up of those who are free from the peril of scepticism and atheism; those who are brave enough to accept and acknowledge truth and cry it as a message of

type of manhood in the whole world. If he is living up to the requirements made of him, to all he knows to be right and true; if he magnifies and improves every opportunity to develop and expand the intelligence which is God's glory; if he is obedient to admonition and susceptible to precept of prophet and leaders, he is in every respect—mentally, morally, socially, physically and spiritually—deserving of the highest rank his country can bestow, and all who know him and observe his rectitude and honor will acclaim him a peer.

The American boast of freedom is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal unless that freedom encompasses every phase of life. To be allowed one's liberty in a great city around which an insurmountable wall is erected, is not to be free. National and political freedom we claim and enjoy; social and educational advantages we ac-

MORE than one hundred years ago a young American boy went alone into the woods, to pray; for in his heart he yearned for a knowledge of truth. In answer to his prayer he was given the knowledge which has opened the door of salvation to countless thousands, who lift their voices in praise and thanksgiving to their Creator for the faith and fearlessness of that boy-prophet, Joseph Smith.

cept gratefully; religious freedom is a recognized and cherished blessing. These we have, and agencies on every hand are making studies and enacting laws by which further to extend the privileges and advantages of citizenship in this great land. The deadening fears of other countries and past centuries have been removed; medical science has minimized the terrors of virulent diseases; public safety legislation insures reasonable protection from outlawry and persecution; the judiciary provides fair settlement of differences and just punishment for offenses; the Civil War brought the assurance that one man shall not be slave to another. In almost every social and industrial relationship has come freedom.

FROM the bondage of tradition, fear, system and superstition have we been released, and on that condition we base our claim, losing sight of the truth that the only real freedom which is deserving of the name is personal. To be free in a great city of philanthropic institutions, with no shadow of danger to life and liberty, is a slight and inadequate foundation strong enough to support nothing weightier than high-sounding words and impressive phrases—unless to it can be added the indestructible claim of individual liberty. If one is free of suspicion and hate, of bigotry and self-satisfaction, of dishonesty and greed, and of a disastrous allegiance to perverted appetite and destructive habit, then and only then can one truthfully say "I am free." And to be an American Prince, one must be free. An American Prince is greater than a prince of any autocracy or court in the world, for instead of owing his station to the inexplicable fact of birth, he owes it to irreproachable qualities of character. Only a man unsullied, scrupulously honorable and upright; a man who knows what is good and true and cleaves unto it, a man who shuns even the appearance of evil can hope to attain that high calling.

WITHIN the organization known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is

to be found the fountain of freedom—the truth that makes men free. An analytical world calls it System, but an understanding



membership know it as Revelation. Within the memory of some still living a new light has burst upon the earth, bearing a new message which has influenced directly the lives of hundreds of thousands; and it is impossible to estimate the indirect influence it has wielded. Since the day of its inception in 1830, progress along every line has been marked, but in no other field has it achieved the same degree of triumph as in the field of religion. The beautiful, soul-satisfying Gospel of Christ has been restored to earth, and its luminosity has radiated the world around.

This Church provides the religion of daily life, and the promise of eternal progression. In it the commandments given of God, and the teachings of Christ during his ministry upon the earth are regarded with solemn and reverent respect. And in addition there have been given new revelations to pierce the darkness of preceding centuries. The Word of Wisdom, for example, gave to those who would hearken health laws which have since been discovered by

scientists—that tobacco is a poison, alcoholic liquors are injurious to body, mind and soul; meat should be eaten sparingly, especially during the hot summer months. Other precepts governing mental, moral and spiritual development are equally forceful, and the truths given in this plan are fundamentally health-giving, joy-giving and life-giving. This "Mormon way of life," as it has been called, is the key which unlocks the door to the Kingdom. Those who accept the key and enter the door find within its portals gifts and treasures of surpassing value. Among them is the gift of unselfishness, for into the hearts of those who have been touched comes a great and prayerful desire to cry aloud to the world the glory within the reach of all, and call them to come and partake also. And then they realize that the blessing has increased with the sharing. Joy inexpressible follows their efforts to bring others in to ally themselves with the sons and daughters of the King.

EACH year in the various countries of the world are more than two thousand young American Princes, known as "Mormon" Missionaries. They have gone forth to represent the royal Name, and effect alliances with every nation, kindred, tongue and people. Their mission is not one of diplomacy; their plans are not strategic; their motives are neither mercenary nor political. Knowing full well that purity of thought, cleanliness of body and sincerity of spirit and purpose are the insignia of American principship, they have gone forth into foreign lands, among unfriendly people, authorized to carry to them the highest message of liberty. In spite of the sacrifices often required of them and their families, they are determined to carry the word of salvation to a hungry world; to show them the path to peace and promise.

And these thousands are only representative of many thousands more at home, on the farm, at school, in office or factory or mill, engaged in the service of the King. To serve in truth, they must be sure of the strength which attends

(Continued on page 301)

POETRY

Gray Days

By Grace Ingles Frost

GRAY earth, gray sky and grim gray
leafless boughs.
Not sorrow to my heart you bring.
But mind me of the resting time
When I, like nature, far away shall fling
My robe, and slumber.

I love you, earth, sky, boughs of leaden
hue!

Love you for the thoughts you to me give.
You let me not forget the teaching true—
That e'en though I must sleep, I still shall
live

To come forth in the spring.

~ ~ ~

Old Roads

By Grace Ingles Frost

I LOVE old roads that lure my feet
Along the way of quiet streams
With rustic spans where I may pause
And weave a golden web of dreams;

I love old roads with pebbles strewn—
Old roads with brodered edge of bloom
Touched by a languid loveliness
That graces summer's afternoon;

I love old roads all covered o'er
With feathery flakes of white
That sparkle like rare diamond drops,
When gleams of blue and silver light
Fall from the moon—

And when the sun in benison
With crimson glory floods the west,
I love old roads—'tis then, methinks,
That they are at their very best.

Sequestered roads of paradise are these
Devoid of stress or plod;
Here I may heed the wood-dove's note
And let my soul reach up to God.

~ ~ ~

Yesteryear

By Grace Ingles Frost

YESTERYEAR I sang a song
Of sweet, bright things a-growing.
O violets and lily bells
And yellow poppies glowing
With golden shafts shot by the sun
From skies of azure hue;
The whole wide world seemed filled with
song

For very love of you.

But that was yesteryear, and now
The blue has turned to gray;
Mine eyes see naught to make them glad;
Where e'er I wend my way,
In notes that tremble on the breeze,
A monody I hear,
For love has come, and love has gone—
It fled with yesteryear.

A DELIGHTFUL thing it is to
read new poems from the pens of
those whose names have become
more and more familiar with the
passing years of the *Young Woman's Journal and the Improvement Era*.

Grace Ingles Frost is one of these,
and the reading of her new poems is
made more pleasant through the re-
membered charm of her earlier ones.
From 1906 she has been one of the
faithful contributors to the maga-
zines, and many have loved her
work, for she puts into her lines
a fine emotional quality which
marks it as real. Some of the fol-
lowing are reprinted from earlier
volumes; some are recent; all are so
lovely that it is impossible to dis-
tinguish the old from the new.

Land of Tomorrow

By Grace Ingles Frost

OUT in the untrodden land of to-
morrow
What is there lurking, I question, for
me?

Guerdon of joy, or burden of sorrow?
What may be waiting, mine eyes may
not see.

Out in the far-reaching land of tomorrow
Will there be work for these hands to
perform?

Land of deep mystery, land of tomorrow,
Stretching beyond with the birth of each
morn.

Land of futurity, land of tomorrow,
If you hold gladness or if you yield
pain,

Yet there is One from whom I may
borrow
Strength that will shield me from sun
or from rain.

~ ~ ~



A Mother Pays

By Grace Ingles Frost

FOR every silky curl that lies
Above a child's wide, wond'ring eyes,
A mother pays as never can
Another in creation's plan.

For feet that lightly through life trip,
A mother pays; but when feet slip
Into the dark of sin's dense maze,
Ah, that is when a mother's days
Are anguish-rent! 'Tis then she pays
Her toll in full for mothering man
Each hour of life's allotted span.

A mother pays in pain and tears
For every child she bears and rears;
But know you not, from Cross and
Thorn,

The glory of a God was born?

~ ~ ~

When the Wind Sang Its Babes to Sleep

By Grace Ingles Frost

THE wind sang its babes to sleep last
night.

With a sweet low croon, with a sweet
low croon,
Rocking them high in a tree near by,
Tucked into beds of apple bloom.

The stars came blinking out from the blue,
And the moon peeped from over the
hill.

And for each wee head in its trundle bed
There was left on the window sill
A bundle held by a sheath of light,
That the tiny moon-beams had spun
From their own gleams into wondrous
dreams.

For a gift to each little one.

When the wind sang its babes to sleep last
night

With a sweet low croon, with a sweet
low croon,
Rocking them high in a tree near by,
Tucked into beds of apple bloom.

~ ~ ~

Mad Waves

By Grace Ingles Frost

PELL-MELL they gallop to the shore
Like mighty steeds of Neptune,
Madly neighing, roar on roar
In madness-maned abandon.

Before the keen lash of the wind
Band after band is driven,
Without a rein to curb or bind
Until their strength is riven.

The voice of each that paws the land
By those which follow after
Is hushed, and each bows on the sand
To water's rippling laughter.

Potential Boy Killer Becomes Shock Absorber Expert

(From the *Washington Star*)

By THOMAS R. HENRY

DANGEROUS children are rare.

They seldom carry their primitive day dreams of slaughter and carnage into reality. Yet not infrequently newspapers contain accounts of killings by early adolescents.

Children with cravings which threaten to be realized occasionally come into the Gales Special School, after proving unmanageable in other public schools. There they are given special study by Harold D. Fife, principal.

Paul was a sullen, unmanageable boy with an obsession for knives.

He was dangerous and teachers were afraid of him, with good reason. It wasn't the child's fault that he never had killed anybody. It was his good luck.

When a teacher tried to discipline him he would draw a knife on her. On several occasions he attacked other children with knives. It was a wonder that the schools put up with him as long as they did. Again and again, knives were taken away from him but he always was able to get another. Where he got them nobody knows. Probably he stole most of them.

Knife a Necessity

A KNIFE was a necessity for the lad's existence. It was as vital as morphine to a dope fiend. The probability is that he suffered nervous tortures when deprived of a knife. He would have got it somehow, regardless of what obstacles were put in his way.

Fife volunteered to take Paul. School officials warned him that he would be dealing with a crazy kid who was certain to kill somebody sooner or later and that it would be best to put him away somewhere, with no further attempts at reform.

The child came from an excellent family. There was nothing

[Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles describing the remarkable experiment in the redemption of boys who have proved unmanageable in ordinary schools, which is being carried on by the District Public School system. Harold D. Fife, principal of the Gales Special School, is a Utah product. His early education was obtained in Salt Lake City, after which he attended college in Washington, D. C. He is a sincere "Mormon." Those acquainted with his success have marveled at his ability to handle incorrigible boys. The Lord says that those who keep the Word of Wisdom "shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures." Is this an answer to those who wonder at young Fife's remarkable achievements?—The Editors.]

wrong with his home environment. His brothers and sisters were all perfectly normal.

He had a low I. Q., placing him among the high-grade morons. In school he had been a continual failure in everything. He wouldn't study. He couldn't learn if he did.

Fife had him examined by a first class psychiatrist who found at the base of the knife throwing obsession the old inferiority complex. The child suffered from his apparent inferiority in his classes. He had to have some way of attracting

attention, of becoming the central figure on the stage.

Knives did it. When he flew at somebody with a long, sharp knife in his hands folks noticed him. The smart children became insignificant figures compared to Paul on such an occasion.

Sought Impression

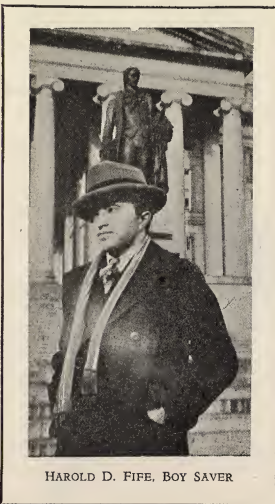
HE wanted to impress himself on folks, to make them feel his presence and his importance. A teacher would feel a knife thrust in her body. She would pay attention to Paul then—he would be the most important figure in the world to her.

Paul, of course, hadn't reasoned all this out. He simply felt it. So long as he had a knife in his pocket he felt himself the ruler of his little universe. Without a knife he felt sick, helpless and unnecessary.

It was almost a foregone conclusion that the time would come when a murder would be necessary to the boy's peace of mind—a murder into which he would be forced inevitably.

At the Gales School, Paul remained the sullen unmanageable, bone-headed kid. The change of environment apparently did no good. He still carried knives. Fife tried to talk him out of it, but it is impossible to argue a person out of obsessions. The form may be changed, but not the substance.

Fife suspected that here again was a case of dual personality, but there was no point of contact. The child seemed to have no interests upon



HAROLD D. FIFE, BOY SAVER

which other interests could be grafted. Even knives did not constitute such an interest. They existed, for him, only to stab folks with.

Wanted to Kill Pitcher

IF Paul was playing base ball and was struck out by, for instance, his immediate reaction would be to rush the pitcher who so humiliated him with a knife.

The teacher saw that he had an almost hopeless job on his hands. The only course open was a patient study of minute behavior characteristics, some one of which might prove a key to the boy's better nature. It required weeks and weeks before the clue came—weeks during which Paul just moped around the room, pretty much his own boss.

Fife noticed the boy several times putting with the valve of the steam radiator in the room. At such times he seemed absorbed in the mechanism. He didn't ask questions about it—but just screwed and unscrewed the valve time and time again. Ordinarily a child putting with the steam radiator in a schoolroom would have been reprimanded.

Possibly the boy had a mechanical mind, Fife thought. He decided to test him out. The next morning, through his breakfast a little late, he glanced hastily about his garage for some mechanical device for the child. There was nothing appropriate. He picked up an old shock absorber, broken, out-of-date, and long past its days of usefulness.

Upon such trifling incidents as this the course of a whole life may turn.

That day in school Paul was fascinated by the shock absorber. Time after time he took it to pieces and put it together again. He resented any efforts to explain to him how the device worked. He had found his vocation.

Turns Inventor

A FEW weeks later he came to the teacher with the announcement that the old shock absorber was no good, that the fellow who made it didn't know anything about the principle of the thing, but that he had invented a much better one. He had made it at home out of wood. He explained his idea and it seemed workable. It operated with water which, Paul

said, was the great defect. Water ran through the holes too easily. He had an idea that what shock absorbers needed was molasses. Fife gave him some money to buy a quart of molasses.

Shock absorbers began to replace knives as Paul's obsession. He thought and lived shock absorbers. Still he wouldn't learn anything else. Fife decided that it was best to let well enough alone. He saw that the proper environment for the boy was a shock absorber environment, for the time being.

Paul was rather young to go to work, but a garage owner, after repeated solicitation, agreed to give him a trial without any pay. The boy leaped at the chance. He could get money from his folks, he said, and would be willing to pay the garage man for an opportunity to live among shock absorbers.

That was months ago. Today Paul has the reputation of being one of the best shock absorber mechanics in Washington. He does nothing else. Some of the most expensive cars in the city are brought to him for his expert opinion on shock absorbers.

Works in Garage

BUT he is far more than a shock absorber mechanic. He has a

shock absorber imagination. He is working on the perfect shock absorber for automobiles. It is very likely, experts who have looked over his work say, that Paul will some day revolutionize the world's ideas on shock absorption. He is a shock absorber genius. He knows everything about them and thinks of nothing else. He seems to have an instinctive ability to look at a rough-riding car and tell what is wrong with its shock absorber system.

But he already is thinking beyond shock absorbers for automobiles into the subject of shock absorbers for men. He has an idea in mind, he confided to Fife, which will enable a human being to walk over hard pavements as if he were floating through air. Some day he is going to provide this great boon for humanity.

Is the greatest shock absorber expert in Washington a dullard? Fife asks.

Paul doesn't throw knives any more, but the same old inferiority complex is at the root of his personality.

But he has found a more effective way to make people "feel" his presence and pay attention to him. This is by the working of genius.

American Visitors to England

THE Alliance News of London, says that most of the American visitors to the British metropolis seem to have gotten out of the habit of drinking alcoholic liquors. The editor says:

Most of London's most fashionable hotels are at present full of wealthy American visitors. Head waiters are very disgruntled because very few of them drink intoxicants. Last week, in the dining-room of a famous West End Hotel, twenty-three tables were occupied by Americans. Only one party was drinking wine, most of the rest iced-water, the remainder "soft-drinks." Soda fountains were fully employed in London hotels on Independence Day. The *Daily Express* of July 3rd contained the following paragraph:

"There is always the possibility on July 4, in London that the supply of soft drinks may run out.

It is a firmly rooted English belief that no American will take a soft drink when there is anything stronger going.

"Actually, many of them are firm teetotallers, and have been heard to say that their chief complaint against this country is the difficulty of making people understand that when they ask for a 'soft' drink they are not employing an American expression for a cocktail of a whiskey and soda.

THERE is about one ounce of alcohol in each of these:

Three oz. of 47% whiskey.
Two pints of 4% beer.
One pint of 8% wine.

In the last year before prohibition, (1919) 92% of all alcoholic liquor consumed in the U. S. was in the form of beer and wine.—*U. S. Statistical abstract.*

On the River Road

By

ESTELLE
TEARLE
METCALF

O—HOO," the call echoed long and eerie over the water.

Jessie waited until the sound faded away, then her face lighted up as she waved a slim, brown arm high in the air.

Tom Davis, sitting cross-legged on a pile of seines on the wide dock across the river, looked up, and pulling off his cap waved in return. It was too far to see the faces, but not so far but that a spectator on either side of the waterway would have felt the vivid and sparkling youth that animated the two.

It was June and school would soon be over. It had been Jessie's first year as "teacher" in the little fishing village. She was teacher, principal, janitor and custodian of "the little red school house," though she didn't really half look the part. Coppery curls short enough to dangle enticingly, and gentle blue eyes with dark lashes, she inherited from an aristocratic mother, who had died when Jessie was but a little girl.

SINCE Jessie had been able to reach the sink by standing on the inevitable soap box, she had managed to keep house, somehow, for the father and two brothers, who every day shipped barrels of fish to the mythical New York. "New York," the little Jessie would whisper the name to herself. It actually tasted good and often in those early days she went down with the men to haul their catch just so as to go by the "Folly" the stone pillar which marks the boundary of three states, and one of these—New York. As their power boat whished by this spot, she would gaze longingly over the broad expanse of enchanted waters. They went to New York. Would she ever go there, too?

At sixteen, the beginning of her chance came. With money left by her mother for that purpose, she was packed and clothed adequately, according to her male family's con-

ception of adequacy, and put aboard the train which would take her to the city, to boarding school.

FOR the first time in her sixteen years, she met the world. She saw a tooth brush. She saw mothers in silks and fathers in cutaways. It was a Quaker school and she learned to say, meekly, "If thee will allow." She found that men in the city didn't tie scraps of clothes-lines around their belts to keep the wind out, and girls, "nice girls," didn't bring their lunches in tin pails. All this learning didn't come easily. The heart-aches were bitter, as sixteen year old heart-aches will always be. But no one ever saw the little girl from the country cry, and with the keen eyes and ears and mind of her sea-faring folks, she grasped the differences and sought to mend and cover them.

She did, to such an extent that the second summer vacation brought to her heart such a delight as she had never dared to dream. Amelia Winters, of Boston, even Beacon Hill, invited her, Jessie Brown, to visit at her home for two weeks. So for two ecstatic weeks she lived as she had hungered to, and at the end of this time, she vowed a solemn vow that come what might, she would eventually make a place for herself in this world. She was not a snob, but her mother had come from such people as these, had standards such as theirs and had been totally cut off from her family at her marriage. And she had left the seed of longing for gentility with her daughter.

The two ensuing summers were

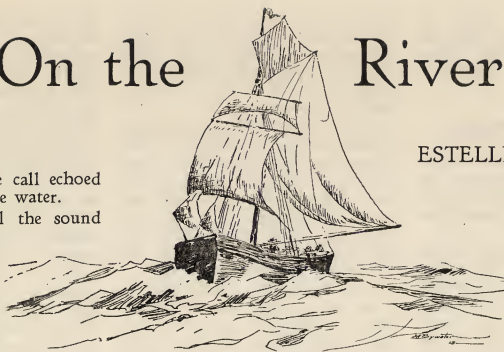
spent with Amelia, and during the latter one Amelia's brother, Fernald, gave up an anticipated fishing trip to be there too. It was soon evident to all that Jessica had only to say the word. But she didn't say it, then. She had already accepted the position of teaching the country school and felt obligated to keep her agreement.

IN the spring vacation she had gone to Boston prepared to give Fernald his answer and she was sure it was to be "Yes." When she saw them all again she felt bewildered, and again put him off until school closed in June. She went from the Winter's estate and Fernald back to her father's home and Tom Davis.

Tom had been a third brother to her ever since she could remember. Together they had studied their lessons and shot bull-frogs, shelled peas and hauled lobster pots, pulled weeds and trapped skunks, let down her dresses and mended his nets; but no word of love was ever mentioned between them. Not even now, though Tom had his business as well started as any in the village.

NOW Jessie stood against the pillar of the piazza railing. The tide was high, so high that it lapped at the roots of the goldenrod that fringed the road. A tug boat with its string of barges was chugging laboriously up the river. A small bare-legged boy lay flat on his tummy on the dock, daring an eel to leave its shadowy refuge and climb upon his impatiently dangling hook. The sun was warm, as only a June sun knows how to be, and the breeze from off the water was cool and salty.

Jessie drew her eyes a bit sadly,



from the peaceful scene and opened the letter which she held in her hand and read it again.

Dear Jessica, it read. Even the Jessica seemed strained today.

Why do you keep me waiting? You have put me off, till I can't wait any longer. I am half afraid that you will change your mind. Why can't I come to you? There was much more, the letter of an impatient lover. He ended by saying that if he didn't hear something very definite by return mail that he would be there on Saturday night. It was signed Fernald Winters.

So the time had come, and the next step was up to her. If she accepted him, she was through with the village for good; and for five years was not that what she had been fitting herself to do?

Again her eyes sought the answer in the scene before her, as they followed the long winding course of the river to where it was lost around a point of land and made up into a cove. The "Annabel Lee" was pulling up to her stake, her snowy sails flapping uselessly, as she came about. A flock of geese honked loudly as they followed the water up to their well known feeding ground. And down the other way, just coming into the river from the bay, was her father's power boat, towing the two dories. Her brothers would be there, too; and across on the other side, a figure was still sitting on the pile of nettings, and though too far away to see, Jessie knew that he would be energetically pulling the wooden seine needle through and through the netting, once to make the square and once to lock the stitch, time and time again, until all the little squares were reconstructed and the gaping holes were gone.

She ran down the path and across the road. She slipped the painter of her skiff off the stake and, dropping it into the boat, slipped lightly in after it.

ONE rows a boat for diversion; one sculls, when on business bent. Standing in the stern, she sculled neatly. Arriving at the other shore, she threw a half hitch over the stake and stepped on to the dock.

Tom grinned good naturedly. "Hello, Jess. How's teacher

today?" he had never ceased to see something funny in Jessie's vocation.

Jessie stood still and looked at the man soberly, not answering.

"Your needle's in the box, if you want it," he suggested. She usually did.

Not getting any reply from his visitor, he said:

"What's the matter? Got a tooth ache, or something?"

"No, I haven't any tooth ache, and I don't want any needle and you needn't try to be funny," she answered all at once. "I'm serious and I came over here to ask you a question." The copper curls bobbed emphatically with each word. She arranged herself methodically on a convenient post and prepared to unburden her mind. Then she paused. She didn't seem to know how to start, after all.

"Well, shoot," the man tried to help her out.

"Tom, I came over to ask you a question."

"Sure. You said that once. Go on," was the none too helpful reply.

THEN the thunderbolt fell. With a deep breath of determination, she plunged in.

"Do you love me?" she said.

"Well, of course," he answered without so much as looking up from his work.

"Didn't you ever intend to tell me so?" she demanded.

"Well, I don't know's I ever thought about it," he said honestly.

"You know it, anyhow," expressing the primitive uselessness of reiterating obvious truths.

"Don't you want to know whether I—care for you?" she added more diffidently.

"Well, I know that too, why—we've always been—you've always been—I've always—what're you all excited about anyway?" he finished somewhat lamely.

"Tom Davis, do you intend to marry me?" she demanded explosively.

"Course. You'll let me know when you're ready," was the laconic reply.

"Oh, I will, will I!" Jessie's copper hair almost turned red in this instant. "Well, I'm sorry, but I came over to tell you that I am going to marry a man in Boston—soon." At Tom's look of gasping astonishment, she went on desperately, "You didn't seem to

want me—particularly—so I thought—you were—I was—we were—." It was her turn to stumble over the words that wouldn't say themselves.

THE man dropped his work now, and untangling his long legs from the nettings, came over to where the crimson-faced girl sat kicking pebbles into the water.

"Jessie," he said huskily, "you mean that?"

No answer.

"Jessie, look up here," his voice shook, "so's I can see your face." Then he spoke slowly, deliberately, that he might not be misunderstood.

"You mean, there's somebody—a man—that I don't know—that you're going to—live with—always?" Each word seemed to tear itself from his heart and leave a gaping wound behind. There was no bitterness, no humiliation, no chagrin, only an incredulity that seemed impossible.

The silence was intolerable.

"Well, I had to find out, didn't I?" Jessie looked up at last. Her blue eyes were swimming in unshed tears. She had found out all right. She had found out in a few seconds what, in the natural course of events, she might never have known.

"Don't you see, Tom, I had to find out whether you were just being polite," she explained hesitatingly, "after I asked you what I did."

HE still looked bewildered.

"I didn't mean it," she looked up from under half-lowered lashes, "scuse please?" the old childish phrase.

"You mean, then—" Tom started, tensely. Hope surged to his head and turned him dizzy. "Don't play with me now, girl. I've got to know the truth, for sure. Jessie," he pleaded, "will you marry me?"

The bright curls bobbed affirmatively.

So he gathered her close in his arms and tucked her snugly under his shoulder. As the golden rays of the setting sun shone its halo of light upon them, he kissed her—gently; then, as the thought of how near he had come to losing her came to him, he kissed her again—not so gently.

Recreation in the Home

II

AN ideal of profound significance among Latter-day Saints is that of family unity, family loyalty. The turning of the hearts of the fathers to the children and the hearts of the children to the fathers is a basal theological and sociological principle. It is a condition of happiness, of salvation, of eternal progression. The Latter-day Saint home is ready to avail itself of every opportunity to realize this great ideal. Its genealogy, its temple work and also, by no means least important, its family reunions, are means of achieving this great ideal.

The Family Reunion

THE love, sympathy and cooperation prized so highly by our people properly begins in a family group. From there it extends to larger organizations. The occasional coming together of families in a social way will tend to develop a family pride. The members of the family who have made unusual success in business or in the professions or in religious activities naturally will be brought forward and serve as ideals and inspirations to the younger members of the group. So also will the lives of the great pioneer fathers and mothers, if there be any in the family, tend to become idealized. But more than all else it will enable every member of the group to know every other member of the group; and to know each other, generally means to love each other. It will make the family name sacred, and thereby be a source of strength to all who bear it.

A family reunion tends to develop family loyalty—a pride in the family name; it inspires determination to “Honor thy Father and thy Mother,” and to secure the promised blessings. It invites closer association of all family members and offers opportunity to celebrate family events—such as birthdays and wedding anniversaries or other family historical events.

The reunion may be held at a

home, the ward hall, a resort, or in a canyon. The adult members of the family might unite in a temple excursion.

A carefully prepared program should be arranged with different branches of the family participating. Games and activities should be arranged for both children and adult members of the family, that all might partake of the congeniality of the occasion.

Suggested Program for Family Reunion

Part I should include the more formal features such as:

- (a) Community singing.
- (b) Family statistics—births, marriages, deaths.
- (c) Who's Who and Where (Significant items concerning the whereabouts and accomplishments of various family members).
- (d) Excerpts from old diaries, or early family reminiscences.
- (e) Report on progress of genealogical and temple work.
- (f) Round table discussion relative to a desirable project to be undertaken by the family during the coming year.
- (g) Two minute talks on subjects such as:
 - “My proudest moments as a—(Brown).”
 - “Why I married a—(Brown)”
 - “Given by In-Laws.
 - “What I loved most in Grandfather.”
 - “What I loved most in Grandmother.”
 - “Looking backward and forward.” (Courtship and social customs of the past, present and future).
 - “What I hope to contribute to the—(Brown) name.”
- (h) Dramatizations or tableaux representing pictures from the past:
 - “Grandfather's conversion.”
 - “Entering the valley.”
 - “The first home.”
 - “Bones from the family skeleton.” etc.
- (i) Music interspersed throughout the program.

Part II should be informal in its nature and include such things as:

- (a) Refreshments.
- (b) Anecdotes.
- (c) Games (for adults and children).
- (d) Dancing.

Worship in the Home

ONE of the general objectives set forth in our recreational program is that it shall engender

responsiveness to the deeper religious experiences. Nothing in family life contributes more potently to the realization of this objective than family prayer and worship.

Prayer brings a spirit of humility. The gathering in the morning and evening, where all members of the family bow in reverence, brings a spirit of humility and tolerance for each other's imperfections and desires. All know that the members fail and succeed as the days come and go. Hence the family ties are linked together with a spirit of mutual understanding and sympathy.

Family prayer gives confidence. A new day has begun. Each member goes out with a feeling of doing his best, if he is to approach his Maker at the close of day. Merely asking for divine guidance strengthens individual determination and gives confidence in maintaining family ideals—honesty, loyalty, truthfulness, etc. Family prayer increases family loyalty. As each member takes a turn voicing his desires for the family, the others get a glimpse into the soul of that individual. They pray for the absent brother in the mission field, for the girl away at school and for a realization of all the righteous desires of each in their daily service. This anxiety expressed in family prayer for their well-being and success, increases family loyalty and spirit. Soul speaks to soul in its appeal to God for the things needed and recalls the manifold blessings in words of appreciation and thankfulness. The hearing of these petitions for the well-being of all members glorifies the family tie.

Sunday and the Home

THE Lord's Day is a holy day—not a holiday. It has been set apart as a day of rest and worship. A sacred Sabbath begets reverence for God. It is not pleasing in His sight that the day be given over to pleasure-seeking in places of amusement or elsewhere.

Sunday Schools and meetings have been so arranged as to meet

the convenience of the people and leave a considerable portion of the Sabbath day without Church appointments. We earnestly appeal to the people to keep their meeting appointments faithfully and to utilize that portion of Sunday not appointed for meetings in promoting family association in the home, with the purpose of stimulating and establishing greater home fealty, a closer companionship among parents and children, and more intimate relations among all kindred.

We believe that it is unnecessary for families to go beyond their own homes or those of their kindred for the relaxation and association which are proper for the Sabbath day, and we therefore discourage more traveling than is necessary for this purpose and for attendance upon appointed meetings.

Let all unnecessary labor be suspended, and let no encouragement be given by the attendance of members of the Church at places of amusement and recreation on the Sabbath day. If Sunday is spent in our meetings and in our homes, great blessings will come to our families and communities.

Heber J. Grant

Anthony W. Ivins

Charles W. Nibley

First Presidency.

Enriching The Home With Truth and Beauty

HOMES were established as places of shelter, and little else at first. Gradually the development of this institution has added to the significance of the term, until today the word home holds a world of meaning. Perhaps we fail to realize the possibilities of the home in character

building and the formation of ideals, but we do know that children and grown people alike express in various ways the type of home which is theirs.

Eating and sleeping are not perhaps, the most important of the needs which the home should supply. In addition to the merely creature comforts there is the vital craving for mental and spiritual food, and only the home can supply these needs adequately.

A beautiful picture may hang upon a wall and be seen daily by a child, but until he absorbs the message, discovers the spirit of the thing, and feels the warmth of the sunshine, or hears the rustle of the leaves or the murmur of the brook, the child is being deprived of one degree of the richness which should attend his familiarity with that picture.

The eternal questions as to how the moon shines, what makes thunder, how matches strike, what electricity is, and so on indefinitely are manifestations of the development of the human intelligences which are gathered under the head of "family," and in the home every effort should be made to answer such queries satisfactorily and fully. There are many books and magazines which are invaluable in helping to solve these problems, The Book of Knowledge, University Book Shelf, and Popular Mechanics being especially good. The fundamental secret underlying the successful home is satisfaction and contentment—the place to which we turn because of the fullness of the hours and days spent there.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."—*Keats.*

(To be continued)

Music—A Gift of God

By CHARLES KENT

IT is of course very desirable that the young should learn to play some stringed or other instrument. It is likewise important that they master, as far as possible, the simpler rules of harmony and the still useful intricacies of counterpoint. Doubtless there is very much to be said for all these accomplishments, but I am of the opinion that for every one person who is able to acquire such a mu-

sical education a hundred will be able to learn to sing. Indeed, I have long felt that every person should show cause why he cannot sing, instead of, as now, regarding this accomplishment as a remarkable one. For this reason alone it would be justifiable to regard singing as the foundation-stone of our musical structure; the building may remain in complete without the other courses but, speaking

generally, it can hardly be said to exist at all without this beginning, for after all singing is the basis of music itself—which is another and sufficient reason for desiring the common practice and knowledge of it among young and old alike. This is hardly the place, perhaps, for an apology for the human voice as a medium of musical expression, but in view of the opinions already expressed, not to mention the present unfortunate decadence of the art of singing, a few remarks, however parenthetical, may not be amiss.

It has been said that up to the time of Wagner, composers, either consciously or unconsciously, had the human voice in mind when writing a phrase for an instrument. Despite obvious exceptions, such as might be observed in the works of Bach and in the latter compositions of Beethoven, this is probably true in the main. You can find traces of Bellini in Chopin; and almost every phrase of Haydn, Schubert, Mozart and Handel can be sung. Music since Wagner has traveled far in the opposite direction. If any single influence had to be traced in modern music, it is instrumental rather than vocal, which, incidentally, may account for that lack of charm (an unsatisfactory term but I think of no other) with which the more advanced experiments in the art have been reproduced. However, there is an encouraging revival of interest on the part of some modern composers in the possibilities of the human voice as a means of human expression. Artistically speaking the orthodoxy of one generation is often the heresy of the next, so that no one need feel surprised at the reviving interest in the voice among serious musicians. It was bound to come and is very welcome for of all instruments of music the human voice is the most varied, the most expressive—and the most natural, no single instrument can ever equal it. Music is an inspirational gift of God to his children. It spurs us on to deeds that are higher and nobler, while it aids in the building of real character. The Almighty himself has deemed this subject of sufficient importance to justify a revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith. It is to be hoped, therefore, that parents will cultivate the habit of singing in the home. The results will richly repay the effort.

The Common Sense of Music

By SIGMUND SPAETH

Reviewed by Evangeline T. Beesley

D R. SPAETH in this book speaks to the layman as well as the musician. He proves that literally there is a sense in music common to everyone. He links the essentials in music to concrete experiences--time to heart-beat, melody to bird calls and progresses naturally and intelligently through music's realm to its greatest achievement, the symphony. He manages a most naive style, treating the subject in a very light yet sincere and attractive vein.

The author begins with melody and speaks of its lure with the idea that the beginnings of appreciation lie here. He speaks of the two-tone melody of the cuckoo call and the three-tone bugle call with the many and varied melodies based upon it: the *Star Spangled Banner*, *Marseillaise*, *Pilgrim's Chorus from Tannhauser*, *Sigfried's Horn*, *Come Thou Almighty King*, and follows them with melodies of added tones.

HE proceeds with the new melodies which are based upon older and often far better compositions. *Blossom Time* can be given the credit for presenting some of the most charming melodies of Schubert to the masses. *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows* is from Chopin's *Fantastic Impromptu*; *Castle of Dreams* from Chopin's *Minute Waltz*. The beginning of *Yes, We Have No Bananas*, is almost an exact duplication of the first four notes of Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus*, while the middle section brings *I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls*. The author does not censure such borrowing but feels that the greater sins of composition are insincerity and dullness.

How do people listen? With their ears? Very often with their eyes. Heifetz has been criticized for not smiling while playing. There are three kinds of listening: rhythmic, which is primitive or physical, emotional, which is senti-

mental and is often based upon outside correlations, and intellectual, which considers beauty coldly and contemplates form and technique. Real aesthetic listening encompasses all three.

MUSIC is often a harmonious background to conversation. Some do their best talking while there is music. Many musicians are asked to dinners to furnish such background. The author presents what would be a successful course for a concert dinner, carrying the thought that people at a concert listen for tonal beauty, technical dexterity and excitement. One must not give too much bread and jam of incessant melody. It must be encased in good sized slices of wholesome musicianship. Good appetizers--such musicians as Godard, Chaminade, Moszkowsky, Kreisler, Raff, Entre, Mendelssohn, Grieg, Tschaiikowsky, McDowell, may have a wide range from entre to climax--Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Haydn, Handel, Mozart, etc. Climax--Rossini, Donizetti, Verdi, Puccini with Wagner at his best. Dessert--Bizet and Gounod; Rimski Korsakov is a tasty Russian dressing; Bach, Beethoven and Brahms are the staples of the musical larder. Liszt is good after a climax for a reminiscent mood. Strong cheese is Schoenberg. Sweets are Elgar, Dradla, Drigo, Offenbach; and Sousa's marches are a return to absolute normalcy. Appetite for the best will grow as you eat. Partake freely--you are more likely to starve musically than to over-eat.

What will listeners meet in average concert program? First of all let us consider program music and absolute music. The first consists of songs, operas, oratorios, and all music with titles which direct our thoughts. Absolute music depends upon itself alone to establish mood. We have here most symphonies and sonatas and string quartettes. The best program music such as *Lohengrin Prelude*

may stand the test of absolute. The greatest composers have written descriptive or program music, sometimes using devices to make most literal descriptions. Strauss in the opera *Electra* gives actual hatchet blows. Beethoven's greatest program number is his *Pastoral Symphony*, telling of a country scene, storm, calm etc., Mendelssohn's fairy music is of program type -- *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture* and *Scherzo*, also Debussy's *Afternoon of a Fawn*, McDowell's *Scotch Poem*, Tschaiikowsky's *Fourth Symphony*, and many others. Many titles have been supplied after the pieces were written--Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. It is sometimes better to have such retentive names. All is fair in creating music lovers. Use stories to help you to listen at first, then discard them. As you advance moods become more important than stories. The response to beauty places man above the animal.

Music is the only art which can express the abstract, can make one without association with the concrete feel joy, sorrow, despair, courage. Truly great music affects all people much the same way. It can affect human character.

TIME and tune are the real elements of music. Time divided into equal segments is rhythm. It is found in nature--rippling of water, pulse of heart, etc. Rhythm leads to a natural accent which is usually upon the first beat of each group. All time can be divided into groups of two and three. The author here goes into a study of all kinds of meters, of notes of different value, the meaning of the dot following a note, of rest, triplets, syncopation. He tells of the discovery that manual labor is easier if done rhythmically. Soldiers march better in rhythm. Primitive peasants accomplished all activities with rhythm, from which grew

the folk song. He discusses the manner of beating time: 2/4 down, up; 3/4 down, over, up; 4/4, down, over, out, up. He tells us to use phonograph records to practice such beating.

In a most interesting discussion of lucid intervals, we are introduced to the scale on the piano with its 8 intervals. Its half steps, we are led to discover, occur between three and four—seven and eight. Experiment with the scales in different places on the keyboard. Pick out simple tunes yourself. Number one is the floor, number three is the landing, number five another landing and number eight the top of first flight, and the beginning of the second. Almost all melodies end on the floor—number one.

THE melodious progression of notes is best when within a small range. *Love me and the World is Mine*, covers less than one octave;... *Lead Kindly Light*, six intervals; *Old Oaken Bucket*, seven; *Old Kentucky Home* and *Carry Me Back to Old Virginia*, eight. There is a law not to wander too far from tradition though trying always to put on a stamp of originality. Beethoven, Schubert, and Brahms repeated themselves, but were honest. They did not worry over originality of every note. Of the new compositions anything popular is echoed.

We are next introduced to harmony and its simplest rules—which notes can be sung together. We hear a major chord and the minor in the same key. We discover the mood of each. Any tune can be made major or minor. Try in *The Star Spangled Banner*, flattening three each time and sharpening four.

All voices are divided into four parts. One part sings lead, which is the easiest; bass is next, usually singing about three notes. Tenor next, usually singing a third above the lead. Alto and first bass have real test of ability. They must fill in the missing links in harmony. Two or three chords are usually enough to harmonize any melody.

WE are next introduced to the keys which Dr. Spaeth speaks of as a great tribe who are related but are scattered over the keyboard. The C Scale is the stalk from which they all spring. We become acquainted with Father

Tonic, little Octave in his exact image, Mother Dominant (the fifth) and Uncle Mediant (the third) as all sit on the steps together. We feel the characteristics of each. Re second has caused many discords. The gossips shout "la" at escapades of Old Man Sixth. There is a romance between him and Aunt Sub-dominant (fourth) Si Seventh is uncouth but good-hearted and leads to little Octave.

Form is system or organization in music. It is the means to secure greatest effect with minimum effort. Melodic inventions are the raw material. Composers must arrange them to give variety and contrast. Form gives unity and design. In *Old Folks at Home* the first phrase is the main idea and is repeated with a slight change, then finds a contrasting bit and the theme is again repeated at end. This is a simple A. A. B. A. form, calling the main idea A. and the contrast B. Work out others. Variations of a melody may be the means of a composer to bring interest. Musical form may be built up by having two melodies harmonize. *Long, Long Trail* and *Keep the Home Fires Burning* may be sung together. The singing of *Yankee Doodle* and *Dixie* together might have ended the war sooner. *Humoresque* and the first part of *Old Folks at Home* sound well together. This is really great fun for a crowd. The trick of having melodies harmonize is called counterpoint. The beginning of a tune by a second voice after it is already well under way is a canon. All rounds are canons. Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* has many examples of counterpoint. It is astounding in Wagnerian Operas. Sometimes many melodies are being played simultaneously. Some musicians follow form unconsciously. Folk tunes were written unconscious of form, but often have supplied material for great symphonies.

The sonata form consists of several movements related but capable of individual performance. The procedure of a composer in writing a sonata is first to gain attention, second to present his subjects or themes in relief against a musical background, third to develop the themes together. This would correspond to the plot in a story. It gives excitement and tests the character of the subjects.

The sonata ends in a coda or tail, saying everything is over. All absolute music adheres to form of sonata for solo instruments. Symphony is a sonata for orchestra. Often this sonata structure is displayed only in the first movement of the symphony, but sometimes in all. The second movement of symphony is generally slow, the third fast, (a scherzo) and the fourth, the finale.

COLOR is another characteristic which lends variety for the composer. It deals with quality of tone. There is individuality even among instruments of the same family. The cello is very different in color to the violin. A child should be taught first the sounds in music, next the musical spelling, grammar and rhetoric.

Interpretation. Often our interest is in the performer rather than the music. Many worthy performers are barred from the concert stage because they have not established a name-value. Do not ask who is singing, but take an interest in what is sung. Think of the orchestra not the conductor. The interpreter is not the message, only the messenger. The composer takes for granted that the performer will overcome his mechanical difficulties but also hopes for intimate understanding which is often entirely overlooked by the interpreter.

A singer's requirements are first a voice; second a clear enunciation; third, good breathing; fourth, habitual technique (so that the mechanics will not be noticeable); fifth, ability to keep in tune. His chief concern is to express beautifully the thought of the composer. The oratorio requires a highly developed vocalism and is more quiet and controlled than opera.

Choral requirements are first, general vocal quality; second, ability to sing on pitch; third, precision of attack and release; fourth, shading. The conductor is responsible for interpretation and smoothness. There is no finer effect in music than a large mixed chorus with orchestra accompaniment. The male chorus has a very individual and attractive quality.

IN regard to instruments—except in rare cases the cello is heard

to best effect in orchestra or string quartette. Violin is more versatile. It has high and low range, can harmonize, be played rapidly or slowly. It requires skill to play well for there are great possibilities both in bowing and fingering. It is the most important instrument in the orchestra. A large orchestra of 80 or 100 has over half of its members playing violins. Viola is alto violin and the lowest in pitch of the string is the bass violin.

The woodwinds are next in quality to strings. There are the flute, piccolo, oboe (of nasal quality and the instrument which furnishes the "A" for the orchestra's tuning) clarinet, English horn, (called also oboe and melancholy in mood) and bassoon, the clown of the orchestra.

In the brass choir we have French horn, trumpet, slide trombone (the laughing hyena of jazz), and the tuba, a huge instrument which is the bass of the choir.

THERE are several instruments of percussion in the orchestra. The kettle drums require skill, for they often have to be tuned to different pitches during the course of the number. The xylophone and cymbalome have all tones of scale. There are also in this group triangle, chimes, cymbal, snare drums, tambourine, castanets, and celesta, which is like a tinkling little piano. The harp is related to instruments of percussion and also to the strings.

Music memory contests are admirable for encouraging the hearing and remembering of compositions. The contestants should in them show a knowledge of form and style. Can any sonata movement be recognized? any nocturn? Can the style of contrasting composers be recognized?

One can readily and simply educate oneself in music through the mechanical instruments at hand. Listen to music and your appreciation will grow and you will become more discriminating. Do it a little at a time. Listen sincerely and intelligently with your reaction an individual matter, not based on others' tastes and opinions. If you like rhythm listen to waltzes, minuets, polonaises from great composers. There are also country dances. Spanish dances, marches

such as Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance*, Tchaikowsky's *Faust*, the *Wedding March of Lohengrin* and *Funeral March* of Chopin. If you desire program music, listen to songs of the masters, *Hark, Hark, the Lark* as a beginning, and those of Liszt, Rubenstein, Hugo Wolf, Strauss and Brahms, as well as those of French and American composers. Go then into opera from *Carmen*, *Faust*, *Boheme*, *Trovatore*, *Traviata* to the Wagnerian group and thence to Richard Strauss. For instrumental program music, serenades, romances, boating and pastoral numbers: and brook, river, sea, mountain, bird pictures. Imagination offers much in this field—Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture* and *Scherzo*. Stories may also be translated to music such as *Danse Macabre* of Saint Saens.

IN music of a mood we have rhapsodies, etc. Much abstract music has definite mood such as Chopin's *Butterfly Etude*, the *Preludes* of Chopin and Rachmaninoff. Sonatas also have moods.

When a symphony instinctively arouses your emotions and stirs your reasoning powers, you belong to the musically cultured. Begin with Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*, Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, and Dvorak's *New World Symphony* and go on to the symphonic poems of Strauss, *Don Juan*, *Death and Transfiguration*, etc.

Music awaits when you are ready.

IS it any weakness, pray, to be wrought on by exquisite music? to feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul, the delicate fibres of life where no memory can penetrate, and binding together your whole being, past and present, in one unspeakable vibration; melting you in one moment with all the tenderness, all the love, that has been scattered through the toilsome years, concentrating in one emotion of heroic courage or resignation all the hard-learned lessons of self-renewing sympathy, blending your present joy with past sorrow, and your present sorrow with all your past joy?—George Eliot *Adam Bede*.

Impressions

By DR. C. Y. CANNON

BOAST not the title of your ancestors,
Brave youth. They're their possessions, none of yours.
When your own virtues equalled have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames,
For they are strong supporters; but till then
The greatest are but growing gentlemen."—Ben Johnson.

More and more I am impressed with the attitude of the younger people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in boasting about the past achievements of its early members. To be proud of these achievements is natural and proper, and without such pride we of this later generation would be lacking in appreciation, but to rely for our advancement upon what was accomplished by our ancestors would be fatal to our progress.

Living as I do in a state across which the pioneers trekked their way to the Great West I realize greatly the strength and vigor which led them to leave the fertile, easily-farmed plains and follow, without a murmur the Church dictates which led them into a barren, inhospitable area. Their virtues were great, their fortitude was marvelous, their faith was sublime.

Their star of hope was ever out in front of them. They did not depend upon the past to prove the truth of the things they believed, but they wrote in their lives those truths; and future results will be the evidence of their rightfulness.

May I, may we all of this generation be granted perseverance, courage, humility to blaze our own roads to fame. These roads do not lead through virgin country but through crowded fields. The results we acquire, not those of our parents, are the tests of this latter day work. Only lives filled with days of toil, nights of study, and dreams filled with inspiration from above will give virtues equal to the past; then

"'twill be but fair to lean upon their fames,
For they are strong supporters; but till then
The greatest are but growing gentlemen."

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve; and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

Pamphlet for the Melchizedek Priesthood

THERE has just been issued from the press a pamphlet of one hundred and nine pages giving suggestions relative to the order of procedure in the Activity Weekly Meeting of the Melchizedek Priesthood Quorums of the Church. Some of these suggestions have already appeared in the *Era*, but these need not now be printed as the entire year's course is given in this pamphlet.

The topics given for consideration under the heading "Principles of Personal Conduct" aim principally toward the improvement of the individual members. The following principal headings indicate the line of thought that will be emphasized at this particular stage of each meeting:

1. In the Field of Teaching.
2. In the Field of Gospel Ordinances and Ceremonies.
3. Quorum Membership and the Sacrament.
4. Quorum Membership and Tithing.
5. The Quorum and Fast Day Duties.
6. Principles of Personal Conduct.
7. In the Field of Home and Family Life.
8. Quorum Activities and Duties.
9. Relation of Quorum to Ecclesiastical Groups.

In the foreword of the pamphlet we find the following:

"In those quorums and groups in which the four principal committees are functioning properly, and, therefore, submitting regular written reports, there may be little or no time to devote to the consideration of these 'principles of personal conduct.' In such cases it is suggested that the committees incorporate in their suggested assignments such topics in the list herewith submitted as may be most suitable to the duties and projects they have in hand.

"Other quorums may find it advisable to devote fifteen or twenty minutes to the consideration of personal welfare topics and to quorum efficiency, as herein listed.

"In all cases the formal presentation of the 'principles of conduct' should follow the roll call, reports and assignments.

"It should ever be borne in mind that the consideration of lessons on 'principles of conduct' in no sense supersedes the study of the Gospel Doctrine lessons on Sunday morning, which constitute the official course of study for the Priesthood."

A small percentage of copies needed for the quorums have been mailed directly to the stake presidencies who are having their stake clerks make distribution to the quorum members. When other copies are needed application should be made to the Deseret Book Company.

of East Jordan stake, stressed the importance of living in harmony with the Gospel, and of developing a spirit of brotherhood and fraternalism in all the Priesthood quorums from the deacons up.

Among the reasons advanced for poor attendance at quorum meetings were the following, given by Elder Melvin Strong of the Sandy First ward:

- (1) Elders' meetings are often uninteresting because the teacher is either absent or unprepared.
- (2) Many members who take an active part are old fashioned and intolerant, and resent having progressive ideas discussed in the meetings.
- (3) Too many donations are asked for.
- (4) Not enough social parties and dances are associated with Priesthood work.

To offset these, Elder Strong recommended the following:

- (1) Better quorum teaching.
- (2) A spirit of toleration and broad-mindedness in quorum meetings.
- (3) More social parties and fraternalism.
- (4) The necessary donations should be asked for but once in the meeting. Then those who do not pay should be solicited personally.

Seventy-six elders were in attendance at the Sunday meetings. The Sandy Third ward won the attendance banner presented to the ward having highest percentage of members present at the three sessions. The convention proved a great success from every standpoint, and those present were heartily in favor of having more Efficiency Conventions in the future.

East Jordan Stake Efficiency Convention

THE first Efficiency Convention of the Elders' Quorums of the East Jordan stake was held Saturday and Sunday, December 8 and 9, in the beautiful new Crescent ward chapel under the direction of the Stake Advisory Committee, consisting of Elders Stanley Rasmussen, Chairman; Dr. C. C. Jensen, and Albert E. Burgon.

The purpose of this convention was to arouse a greater interest in Priesthood work and encourage better attendance at quorum meetings.

The opening social Saturday evening was in charge of the Elders' Recreation Committee, consisting of Alma Fairbourn, Chairman; George Beckstead, and John L. Smith. During the evening a large crowd of elders and their friends enjoyed games and dancing

in the handsome new recreation hall. Refreshments were served to 350 in the banquet hall by the Crescent ward gleaner girls under the direction of Vida Jensen. A good feeling enlivened the dances and games and all enjoyed themselves in great measure. Those in charge were enthused by the spirit of optimism and good fellowship which prevailed.

Two meetings were held Sunday beginning at 9:30 and 12:00. Between sessions refreshments were served by the Crescent ward gleaner girls.

Very interesting miscellaneous programs consisting of musical numbers, missionary experiences, some of them very humorous, and instructive talks on the work of the Priesthood were given. President Heber J. Burgon.

AND again, be patient in tribulation until I come; and, behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, and they who have sought me early shall find rest to their souls." Doc. and Cov. 54:10.

Success in Aaronic Priesthood Work

ON the quarterly stake comparisons of Aaronic Priesthood work a rating basis has been established to indicate the relative activity of the various stakes. According to this report for the three months ending September 30, last, the four stakes showing the highest rating were: South Davis—68; Liberty—67; Oquirrh—63, and Franklin—62.

These ratings were based upon the average attendance at weekly Priesthood meetings, the number of members who performed assignments of duty, the average attendance at Sunday School classes, the number who observe the Word of Wisdom, the proportion of actual to possible quorums, the number of wards having supervisors, the average attendance of supervisors, the number of members on the stake committee, the average number of visits to the wards by this committee, and the average number of class or quorum meetings held per ward.

Elder George A. B. McIntyre, Stake Chairman of the Aaronic Priesthood Committee, and President James H. Robinson of South Davis stake report some of the reasons for their success as follows: "The matter of leadership and organization has had the careful attention of all our bishoprics. The

Word of Wisdom is taught and exemplified in most of our homes. Bishoprics have maintained close contacts with the quorums, and have taught the Word of Wisdom. Careful leadership has been given the leisure activities of these members. Priesthood meetings were held weekly during the summer in the various wards. The fine personnel of the Stake Priesthood Committee has been very helpful. Especially, the fine leadership and providing for the systematic performance of duties by the members, have produced the results."

President Barton of Franklin stake reports as follows: "It is highly important that the members of the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee be posted on all phases of Aaronic Priesthood work; and that visits be made regularly to the various wards, to help the ward workers in their labors. A consistent checking-up brings good results. The selection of good supervisors is very important. Our wards are all fairly well organized for this work. We realize that the real responsibility of Aaronic Priesthood work rests upon the bishopric of the ward; and any degree of success is due to a very great extent to the activity of these brethren."

Field Notes

THE following suggestions for the ward Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors in the promotion of Priesthood activities have been prepared by the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee of Liberty stake:

The aim of the program is, first, to train the boys; and, second, to render actual assistance and relief to the bishopric in the work of the ward.

I. Find your membership.

- With the assistance of the ward clerk, make lists of those holding the Aaronic Priesthood, classifying them as priests, teachers, and deacons.
- Opposite each name, write the age and address, and any special information pertaining to activity, employment, experience, and so on, that will serve a useful purpose in the work to follow.
- Indicate on each list the members who will probably be recommended for promotion during the year.
- Prepare a list of boys about twelve years of age or older, who hold no Priesthood, but who will probably be considered during the year for ordination as deacons.

- Make a special list of those in the three grades who have passed the promotion age but who for any reason have not been advanced.

II. Provide interesting and worthwhile quorum meetings. Quorum meetings are held during the Sunday School class period. Quorum officers preside at these meetings. An order of business should be worked out so that the meetings will go off promptly and smoothly. The following suggestive order indicates the nature of the meeting. The activity period should not last longer than fifteen minutes.

- Prayer by a member.
- Roll.
- Activity assignments for the week.
- Report on activities for the activity record.
- Instructions and demonstrations on Priesthood work.
- Social, fraternal, and other activities.

III. Keep the boys active in the ward and community.

- Opportunity and encouragement should be given the boys to officiate in their Priesthood callings. The

record of activities will enable you to see that all have a chance. Failure to respond should be followed up in the proper way. The boys should officiate as follows:

- Deacons should pass the Sacrament.
- Teachers (or deacons) should gather fast offerings.
- Priests and teachers should do ward teaching.
- Priests should administer at the Sacrament table.
- Priests should be given experience in baptizing.
- Priests and teachers may serve as ushers.
- All should do missionary work within their own quorums.
- Deacons can give effective assistance in special messenger service, such as reminding ward members of missionary farewells and other gatherings.
- The boys should have experience in social and fraternal service in activities in which their Priesthood is not necessarily a prerequisite. These activities, which may be carried on in connection with other ward organizations, will include:
 - Social affairs and entertainments.
 - Choruses, glee clubs, orchestras, dramatics, literary clubs.
 - Athletic contests, hikes, swimming parties.
 - Visiting and otherwise comforting associates who are ill or crippled, or otherwise in trouble.
- Priesthood promotions should receive special attention. By visits, letters, or other means, the boys should be impressed with the sacredness of Priesthood ordinations, and should be invited to express themselves with respect to proposed advancements. This will serve as a check on their worthiness.

IV. Be Missionaries. In addition to the missionary work assigned to the boys, the committee will need to take special assignments, as:

- Work with delinquent members of quorum age, whom the boys have not been able to bring out.
- Such work as the bishopric may direct with those who are over age and probably inactive. This work must be planned with great care. The objective will be to make them active and worthy of promotion.



MUTUAL WORK



General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,

RICHARD R. LYMAN,

MELVIN J. BALLARD.

Executive Secretary:

OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,

Executive Department

Gen'l Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

Gen'l Offices Y. L. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency

Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,

LUCY GRANT CANNON,

CLARISSA A. BEESLEY.

Secretary:

ELSIE HOGAN

The Annual Contests

ANOTHER splendid season of contest work is before us. Its success will depend largely upon the preparation of details by stake and ward officers. Where the big objective of development of talent, good sportsmanship, kindness, and desire for fair play are constantly kept in mind, rather than mere winning, this part of our M. I. A. program goes over in a fine way, to the satisfaction and pleasure of all. It is urged that officers seek to enlist as many as possible in the contest events. Try to get new people to participate. Large numbers should be benefited by these activities. We encourage each ward to enter all events, but it is not obligatory; officers should study local conditions and use their discretion. The following items should be noted:

1. Stake officers are barred from participating in contests.

2. Professionals, that is, persons whose major income is derived from a particular field, are barred from entering a contest in that field.

3. All other enrolled members of the M. I. A., including ward officers, are eligible to participate within their special group and age limitations.

4. The age for M Men and Gleaner Public Speaking and for Male Chorus is 17-23 inclusive. Persons who have reached their 17th or 24th birthdays during the year (June 1, 1929-June 1, 1930) are eligible.

5. Age for Gleaner-Junior Ladies' Chorus is 16 to 23 inclusive. Persons who have reached their 16th or 24th birthdays during the year (June 1, 1929-June 1, 1930) are eligible.

6. Where M. I. A. members are working or attending school in wards other than their own, they may choose which ward they will represent in the contests. This choice should be made at the beginning of the season and not changed.

7. The stake and ward executive officers are responsible for the general management of all of the contests but the immediate direction of the different events

may be assigned to the respective committees: music events to the Music Directors; drama and dancing to the Community Activity Committee; public speaking to M Men and Gleaner Committees; retold story, Junior Committee.

8. In each district the stake designated by a star is asked to take the initiative in calling the stakes together but all ex-

ecutive officers of all the stakes in the district should have equal voice in making arrangements for the contests.

Correction: in Ladies' Chorus: The selection in A class is "Beauteous Morn" and in B class is "Hark, Hark the Lark." (These are incorrectly given in the Hand Book Supplement.)

Program for Sunday Evening Joint Session

Suggestions and Material for the Program of the Monthly Joint Session.

In view of the fact that April 6th is the hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Church, it is thought that the bishopric will want to arrange a special program. The general theme: Heber J. Grant, seventh president of the Church, will therefore be carried over until Sunday, May 4th.

General Theme: Heber J. Grant, Seventh President of the Church.

1. Singing, "Come, Come Ye Saints."

2. Invocation.

3. Music, preferably a solo, "The Holy City."

4. The M. I. A. Slogan.

(a) Introduction:

"Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of '76 did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property and his sacred honor. Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed

by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles in her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, in spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, enforced in courts of justice. In short, let it become the political religion of the nation."—Abraham Lincoln, (quoted by President Grant in the 96th Annual Conference Report, page 5.)

(b) presentation.

5. Life of Heber J. Grant, presented preferably by M. I. A. members of ability and thorough preparation.

6. Other exercises that time may permit.

7. Announcements.

(a) Theme of next session.

(b) Miscellaneous.

8. Singing, "O Say What Is Truth."

9. Benediction.

Heber J. Grant

I. OUTSTANDING CHARACTERISTICS:

1. Perseverance and Industry:

By special request President Grant dictated the following for the advisory committee.

"One New Year's eve, I wrote on fifty

dozen cards the year and words 'Happy New Year!' While I was doing this the manager of Wells Fargo's Bank and Express business, for whom I was working, came into the office, and said: 'What are you doing?'

"I said, 'I am getting ready for the harvest tomorrow. Last year I made \$20.00 on New Year's day by writing calling cards. Had I had 'Happy New Year' already written on them I am sure I would have made \$25.00; so I am going to be prepared for the harvest tomorrow.'

"He said, 'My boy, it never rains but that it pours. Here is a check for \$100.00, as a New Year's present for you. This is an expression of my appreciation of your doing work around here that you are not paid for. You come back evenings, if there is any work you can do, and seem to like to work, while the average employee likes to get out of the office.'

"The next day, in Dwyer's Book Store, I sold all of those cards at fifty cents a dozen, and then I had to write 'Happy New Year' on some more; and from ten o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon—five hours—I made \$37.50, or an average of \$7.50 an hour. It was the same pen (Spencerian No. 1), the same ink, the same hand, and the same eye that guided the pen, when, in the university, according to my fellow students, I make ink look as if lightning had struck an ink-bottle.

"I told them I would live to set copies for all of them, that I would live to be the professor of penmanship and book-keeping in the University of Deseret, which I did; and that I would live to write better than the professor at that time, which I did.

"I used to make spending money by sewing baseballs when the stitches became ripped. I could beat any harness maker in town sewing baseballs. The stitches wear out before the covers do, or at least they did when I was a boy.

"When I joined a baseball club I could not throw at all. I had never thrown rocks like other boys. They called me 'sissey', and made fun of me. We had the first baseball nine, in which were boys a year and a half older than I was. Orson F. Whitney and M. M. Young were in that nine. The boys of my own age were in the second nine, and I was such a poor player, that I had to play in the third nine. I hired a boy to throw a ball at me until I could catch so well that I challenged the second nine to stand in a row with me and have the swiftest thrower throw at us, and as a fellow missed a ball he had to sit down. I stood up until all the second nine had missed. I then said that I did not propose to play in a club that they considered the third nine when I could make the second nine all sit down.

"In the meantime I would throw a ball across a high board fence at Bishop Woolley's barn in the adjoining lot to mine. I got so that I could come very close to hitting most any adobe on that barn that I wanted to. Many was the night that mother would tie up my arm with wet rags because it would ache so much from throwing, before I could go to sleep. I told her I was going to learn to play well enough to play in the nine that would win the championship of the Territory, which I finally did; and I have never played a game since. I thought that I would quit while my credit was good.

"My bishop gave me the reputation of being the laziest boy in the Thirteenth ward, spending hours of my time throwing a ball at his barn when I ought to be busy doing something for the benefit of my mother. But I was fortunate in having a mother that realized it was wise to encourage her boy athletically or otherwise, to help him to do something that he had an ambition to do, instead of discouraging him. She was a General.

"Bishop Woolley called at our home one day when it was raining. We had panned on the floor to catch the rain as it came through the roof. He said, 'Sister Grant, I shall immediately have a new roof put on this house of yours.'

"She said, 'You will do nothing of the kind; I have some sewing here and as soon as it is done I will get some shingles and mend the roof. There is not going to be any money from the Fast Day donation wasted to put a roof on this old house. This old house will do me until my boy grows to manhood and builds me another house.'

"He went away and said he was very sorry for Widow Grant, that if she waited for her boy to build a house she would never have one.

"Twenty-one days before I was twenty-one years old, I married and took my bride to a home that I had built—tearing down Mother's old home—a six-room adobe house. I invited Bishop Woolley to come up and dedicate it and thanked him for his criticism of me which undoubtedly inspired me to build the house quicker than I would have done if he had not christened me as the laziest boy in the Thirteenth ward."

2. Goodwill and Generosity:

"I attended a lecture given in the Utah Hotel by ¹ Cory Hanks. Afterwards I went into his room and arranged to buy several hundred copies of his² book to send to friends. I also paid him for the privilege of having the book printed at my own expense to send to all the missionaries—some 2,000 of them—and also if I wished to give other copies away in addition to those that I bought from him I might have the privilege of doing so. I was to have the privilege of printing any number to give away to my friends, which privilege he granted for a consideration, and I have been printing them and giving them away ever since.

"I presented a copy to each of the directors of the various companies with which I am connected. I said to the vice-president and general manager of the Utah Power & Light Co., 'Mr. Inch, would you take a five dollar bill for Hanks' book if you could not get another, if it were out of print?'

"He said, 'I would not.'

"I said, 'I would like to sell you 1,500 copies at a discount for your employees.'

"He smiled and said, 'I will consult the president of the company, and if it is agreeable you shall have a check for \$750.00.'

"I did the same thing with managers of other companies, and sold enough books to send Hanks a net profit, according to my recollection, of a little more than \$2000.00. Nearly all of the books sold to these various companies—like the Utah

Hotel Co., the Utah-Idaho Sugar Co., and others—I took the trouble to autograph and they were presented to the employees in behalf of the board of directors. I did not autograph the books for the employees of the Utah Power & Light Co."

3. Simplicity and Dignity:

"One day, as I was walking through the streets carrying a quart or two of milk in a bucket, taking it home from the titthing office, a friend of mine said to me: 'Heber, I don't think you are maintaining your dignity as an apostle, the president of a bank and of other institutions by walking through the streets carrying a bucket of milk.'

"I replied, 'There are some people that spend all their time trying to maintain their dignity, and there are other people that can push a wheelbarrow or carry a bucket of milk through the streets, and nobody dare step on their dignity. I hope I am one of the latter kind.'

"On another occasion, when I was made president of the Tooele stake, this same friend was at the meeting. I got up and told the people I did not know anything about the duties that devolved upon the president of a stake, that I had no knowledge regarding them, but that I would do my best to try to fulfill them. My friend said to me later: 'Heber, you made a mistake by giving yourself away. Here you are making \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year as a young man, and you tell those people you don't know anything. You ought to keep still and not give it away.'

"I said, 'If I tell them I don't know anything, and they afterwards find out that I have some sense I think it will be better than for me to make them think I know a lot of things that I don't know.'"

II. SOME CONTRIBUTIONS:

"I announce to all the world that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is in very deed the Church of God, and that there are thousands and tens of thousands who have been given this knowledge just as absolutely and as perfectly as I have it."

^{97th Annual Conference Report, page 12.}

"Again I say it is beyond my comprehension how any man who is absolutely honest in his dealings with his fellow men and would not think of such a thing as compromising his store bill if he were able to pay, would compromise his obligations to God. I can speak upon the payment of titthing, because from my childhood every dollar that has come into my hands has been tithed, and I have endeavored in addition to be as liberal as any of my associates have been in contributing for the various public enterprises that have been required of us—the erection of ward houses, school houses, etc."

"I appeal to the Latter-day Saints to be honest with the Lord and I promise them that peace, prosperity and financial success will attend those who are honest with our Heavenly Father, because they are fulfilling the law and an obligation, and he will bless them for so doing."

^{100th Semi-Annual Conference Report, page 4.}

"The law of financial prosperity to the Latter-day Saints, under covenant with God, is to be an honest tithepayer, and not to rob the Lord in tithes and offerings.

¹A dauntless Utahn who lost his eyes in youth by an explosion of dynamite.

²Up From the Hills, by Cory Hanks.

Prosperity comes to those who observe the law of tithing; and when I say prosperity I am not thinking of it in terms of dollars and cents alone, although as a rule the Latter-day Saints who are the best tithepayers are the most prosperous men, financially; but what I count as real prosperity, as the one thing of all others that is of great value to every man and woman living, is the growth in a knowledge of God, and in a testimony, and in the power to live the Gospel and to inspire our families to do the same. That is prosperity of the truest kind. I would rather die in poverty knowing my family could testify that, to the best of the ability with which God had endowed me, I had observed his laws and kept his commandments, and by my example, had proclaimed the Gospel, than to have all the wealth of the world."

95th Annual Conference Report, page 10.

"No man who breaks the Word of Wisdom can gain the same amount of knowledge and intelligence in this world as the man who obeys that law. I don't care who he is or where he comes from, his mind will not be as clear, and he cannot advance as far and as rapidly and retain his power as much as he would if he obeyed the Word of Wisdom."

95th Annual Conference Report, page 10.

"Upon my return home Thursday I found an invitation from my son-in-law to climb Timpanogos the following Saturday, which I did. From the top of that mountain, the view of Wasatch, Utah and Salt Lake counties, the cities therein, and other sections of the country in the distance, is one of the grandest that my eyes have ever beheld."

96th Semi-Annual Conference Report, page 5.

III. COMMENT:

As a public speaker President Grant is strikingly effective. His utterances have behind them an extraordinary mental awakesness, a soulful sincerity and an absolute fearlessness. His candor almost forbids caution. When he testifies, the most skeptical confess their inability to doubt that he has knowledge behind his testimony. But the strength and clearness of his voice, the sincerity and truthfulness of his messages make up but one side of the effectiveness of his teachings. It is the harmony of his works with his words, the agreement of his sayings with what he is, that gives a weight to his words greater than that of eloquence.

On his 70th birthday, George H. Brimhall wrote of President Grant:

"Straight as the flight of time.

True as tested steel,

Quick as the lightning's flash,

A dynamo of zeal."

A YOUNG traveler, lonely and homesick, took very ill on the train and was grateful to find herself taken under the care of a fatherly stranger. After reaching the hospital and being made comfortable, she learned that the gentleman was Heber J. Grant. His kindness won for the Church a devoted member.

FINANCE and PUBLICATIONS

COMMITTEE

Geo. Q. Morris and Rachel Grant Taylor, Chairmen; Hugh J. Cannon, J. D. Giles, S. A. Stevens, L. W. Smith, E. H. Higgs, E. T. Brandley

THE campaign for subscriptions to the *Improvement Era* has gone so far beyond the 7½% quota and is still moving forward so rapidly that the Mutual Officers feel it would be a splendid tribute to the Church on its Hundredth Anniversary to make good the slogan and have the *Era* in every Latter-day Saint home.

Following is a list of the stakes showing the per cent of the quota, being 7½% of the total population, and of the *Era* in every home.

| Stakes | 7½% Quota | No. of Subs. To Jan. 17 | % of 7½% Quota |
|---------------|-----------|-------------------------|----------------|
| Panguitch | 179 | 203 | 115 |
| Minidoka | 214 | 246 | 115 |
| Woodruff | 236 | 271 | 115 |
| Bear Lake | 278 | 319 | 115 |
| Twin Falls | 162 | 184 | 114 |
| Malad | 311 | 355 | 114 |
| Morgan | 157 | 179 | 114 |
| Kolob | 311 | 354 | 114 |
| St. Joseph | 437 | 493 | 113 |
| Emery | 377 | 417 | 111 |
| No. Davis | 364 | 403 | 111 |
| So. Sevier | 219 | 243 | 111 |
| Box Elder | 580 | 640 | 110 |
| 110% to 100%: | | | |
| Bannock | 180 | 197 | 109 |
| Idaho Falls | 532 | 578 | 109 |
| Lehi | 234 | 256 | 109 |
| No. Sanpete | 355 | 388 | 109 |
| Kanab | 173 | 186 | 108 |
| Portneuf | 236 | 253 | 108 |
| Lost River | 88 | 95 | 108 |
| Idaho | 143 | 155 | 108 |
| Utah | 695 | 749 | 108 |
| Tooele | 322 | 346 | 107 |
| Ensign | 744 | 793 | 107 |
| Millard | 274 | 288 | 105 |
| Timpanogos | 212 | 218 | 105 |
| Pioneer | 555 | 583 | 105 |
| Zion Park | 183 | 191 | 104 |
| Star Valley | 281 | 293 | 104 |
| San Luis | 159 | 163 | 103 |
| Hollywood | 324 | 333 | 103 |
| Summit | 377 | 389 | 102 |
| Burley | 271 | 272 | 100 |
| Blackfoot | 407 | 408 | 100 |
| 100% to 80%: | | | |
| Bear River | 391 | 389 | 99 |
| Young | 101 | 99 | 98 |
| Deseret | 367 | 359 | 98 |
| Boise | 308 | 298 | 97 |
| Cottonwood | 572 | 548 | 96 |
| Carbon | 370 | 349 | 94 |
| Wayne | 144 | 129 | 90 |
| WestJordan | 364 | 327 | 90 |
| Tintic | 180 | 158 | 88 |
| Nebo | 351 | 310 | 88 |
| Mt. Ogden | 544 | 477 | 88 |
| No. Sevier | 200 | 174 | 87 |
| So. Sanpete | 330 | 285 | 86 |
| Sharon | 228 | 190 | 83 |
| Nevada | 149 | 124 | 83 |
| Salt Lake | 741 | 67 | 83 |
| Duchesne | 232 | 186 | 80 |
| Below 80%: | | | |
| Weber | 538 | 417 | 79 |
| Monroni | 205 | 160 | 78 |
| Uintah | 321 | 246 | 77 |
| Liberty | 1111 | 859 | 77 |
| 250% to 150%: | | | |
| Teton | 224 | 561 | 250 |
| Union | 137 | 340 | 249 |
| Moapa | 118 | 286 | 242 |
| Fremont | 330 | 712 | 216 |
| Taylor | 255 | 517 | 203 |
| Lyman | 158 | 251 | 159 |
| Parowan | 292 | 449 | 154 |
| Cassia | 120 | 188 | 154 |
| Maricopa | 366 | 544 | 150 |
| Snowflake | 225 | 338 | 150 |
| Gunnison | 198 | 295 | 150 |
| 150% to 125%: | | | |
| Alberta | 299 | 446 | 149 |
| Hyrum | 366 | 541 | 148 |
| Yellowstone | 290 | 412 | 142 |
| Logan | 455 | 597 | 142 |
| San Juan | 143 | 202 | 141 |
| Franklin | 332 | 464 | 140 |
| Raft River | 98 | 136 | 139 |
| Curdew | 99 | 137 | 138 |
| Oncida | 295 | 407 | 138 |
| Pocatello | 434 | 597 | 138 |
| Lethbridge | 178 | 242 | 136 |
| Shelley | 241 | 325 | 135 |
| Montpelier | 287 | 377 | 131 |
| Big Horn | 249 | 319 | 128 |
| Alpine | 274 | 346 | 126 |
| Ogden | 696 | 872 | 125 |
| 125% to 110%: | | | |
| St. Johns | 167 | 207 | 124 |
| No. Weber | 493 | 600 | 122 |
| Sevier | 266 | 324 | 122 |
| Benson | 585 | 710 | 122 |
| East Jordan | 414 | 507 | 122 |
| Palmyra | 349 | 424 | 122 |
| So. Davis | 383 | 468 | 122 |
| So. Davis | 382 | 468 | 122 |
| San Fran. | 246 | 298 | 121 |
| Wasatch | 306 | 372 | 121 |
| Juarez | 93 | 112 | 120 |
| Roosevelt | 271 | 321 | 118 |
| St. George | 322 | 380 | 118 |
| Rigby | 397 | 479 | 118 |
| Oquirrh | 360 | 426 | 118 |
| Cache | 441 | 518 | 117 |
| Juab | 246 | 290 | 116 |
| Los Angeles | 409 | 476 | 116 |
| Garfield | 200 | 230 | 115 |

| Stakes | 7½% Quota | No. of Subs. To Jan. 17 | 7½% Quota |
|------------------|--------------|----------------------------|--------------|
| Granite874 | | 659 | 75 |
| Grant1047 | | 781 | 75 |
| Beaver253 | | 176 | 70 |
| Blaine189 | | 120 | 63 |

MISSIONS

| | | |
|-------------------|-----|-----|
| Canadian 81 | 118 | 143 |
| Eastern264 | 329 | 124 |
| California ...772 | 950 | 122 |
| No. Western 674 | 546 | 81 |
| Western483 | 283 | 58 |
| Northern501 | 259 | 50 |
| Central769 | 240 | 30 |
| Southern ...1132 | 341 | 30 |
| East Central 921 | 181 | 20 |
| No. Central 180 | 35 | 20 |

This is the fourth issue of the new *Improvement Era*. It has taken its place among the leading magazines of the West. In circulation it is among the leaders. In editorial content it has taken a place among the best edited journals of the day. In every way the new *Era* has set a high standard. It is the aim of the publishers to continue the effort to make the *Era* indispensable in every Latter-day Saint home.

With this in view, the suggestion is made that every reader make an effort to induce someone else to read the *Improvement Era*. This means that if you are the head of the family, you should induce the members of your family to become regular readers of the *Improvement Era*. If you are an M. I. A. worker, you should encourage the members of your organization to read the many excellent articles printed each month. It is just as important to have our present subscribers read the *Era* and obtain the benefits from the material it contains as it is to get new subscribers.

The approach of the Centennial Anniversary of the Church makes doubly important many of the articles in the *Era*. In the issues just ahead a large proportion of the space will be devoted to historical matter, and articles connected with the Centennial Anniversary will be most important. You should not be content with enjoying the *Improvement Era* alone, but should make it your duty and pleasure to encourage as many others as possible to secure the same benefits.

Superintendent Brady of the Portneuf stake sends in a check covering 100% Life Memberships for the Arimo ward. (38) Life Members.

Superintendent Harvey Taylor, of the St. Joseph stake sends the general office a check covering 100% of General Fund for his stake.

Community Activity Department

E. E. Erickson, Emily C. Adams, Chairmen; H. C. Iverson, J. H. Taylor, W. O. Robinson, D. Wood, J. F. Smith, J. S. Cornwall, Charlotte Stewart, E. T. Brandley, K. C. Jensen, E. T. Beesley, E. S. Anderson

Course of Study

Music

(February 4)

- I. Objectives, based on the rhythmic urge.
 1. To develop appreciation for the best in music and song.
 2. To encourage ability to produce high class music.
 3. To strengthen social sentiments through community singing.
 4. To inspire religious faith and national loyalty.

II. Local Problems.

1. What is the music program for the M. I. A.? (See *Handbook*, page 143, and *Handbook Supplement*, page 31.)
2. Are you prepared to conduct successfully this program?
 - a. Are your music directors and organists appointed? If not, why not?
 - b. Have you adequate facilities for carrying out this program?
 - c. If no classroom with piano for class "sings" is available, can you arrange it so that a nearby home may be used occasionally until more adequate facilities are provided?
 - d. Can you make a drive for the purpose of providing better musical facilities in your work?
 - e. Is your M. I. A. supplied with the M. I. A. and Sociability Song Books? If not you are missing a great opportunity of uniting and strengthening the comradeship and loyalty of the members of the Mutual. Can you afford to be without these books? (The M. I. A. songs are bound in the middle section of the book, with index on the inside of the front cover. Index for the rest of the songs are in the back. You will find class songs, and material for duets, mixed quartettes and choruses for all occasions.)
3. A long list of material for

choruses, glee clubs, etc., has been published in the *Young Woman's Journal* and *Improvement Era*. (See *Handbook*, pages 393-396.) You will observe by the titles that most of these songs are recreational in spirit, and may be used for any recreational event, or Tuesday evening program.

For Sunday evening joint session, and quarterly conferences where sacred music is needed, a list of songs was published in the *Journal* for Feb., 1926, page 124. See also *Handbook*, page 146.

4. The Music project for this year is *An Evening of Music Appreciation in each Department*. How many such evenings have you had? If you have been successful in some departments, turn your attention to others, and try to give them all a glimpse of the beauty of being able to enjoy good music.

Special attention is called to articles written by Frank Asper and members of the General Music Committee, and published in the *Young Woman's Journal*:

Music Appreciation—*Journal* for Mar. 1928, p. 181.
 Franz Schubert—*Journal* for Dec. 1928, p. 84.
 Aida at Home—*Journal* for Apr. 1927, p. 212.
 Folk Music—*Journal* for Feb. 1929, p. 122.
 Program Music—*Journal* for Sept. 1929, p. 618.
 Verdi—*Journal* for Oct. 1929, p. 711.
 Stephen Foster—*Journal* for Oct. 1929, p. 704.
 Old Home Songs—*Journal* for Oct. 1929, p. 706.
 Bohemian Girl—*Improvement Era*, for Nov. 1929, p. 80.

Why not make a collection of these articles and others which you might find and make a booklet labeled "Music Appreciation." It would be a fine addition to any ward music director's equipment.

See suggestions for a musical Tuesday in the September *Journal*, page 614, and the October *Journal*, page 695. This gives a list of three-part songs for women's voices.

III. Methods. (How to Achieve Objectives.)

1. Organize bands, orchestras, choruses, etc., with the best available leadership.
2. Encourage concerts and operas.
 - a. Can you occasionally bring in artists for such events?
3. Induce schools to foster better music and give courses in music appreciation.
4. Stress the Project and Evening of Music Appreciation in every department of the M. I. A.

The Opera

(February 11)

An outline which may be studied in preparation for an opera presentation.

For general suggestions, regarding organization, choice of opera, etc., see M. I. A. Handbook.

1. What opera shall we give?

Note: It is a good plan to organize a committee consisting of the conductor and pianist and others who could be of assistance, to select a number of operas and go over them carefully, keeping in mind the local conditions. This usually affords a very pleasant evening of study. For sources of information on the names of operas, etc., see the Handbook and the 1929-30 supplement to the Handbook.

2. How shall we select a cast?

Note: The cast should be appointed with two things in mind: 1st—What the opera can contribute to the people taking part; 2nd—What the people can contribute to the opera. Improvement of one's talents and the wholesome activity of a group are leading objectives in the opera project. The giving of a good show for the community is after all the least important aim.

Either of two methods may be employed in selecting a cast: 1st—A selection made by a committee or the conductor based on their present knowledge of all available people; 2nd—The tryout method whereby all who are interested may select a part, learn it and try out before a committee. Each of these methods presents difficulties but if they are anticipated either may be made successful.

3. What is the most expedient way to conduct rehearsals?

Note: To be entirely successful in the rehearsal period, a very definite plan should be made. It should anticipate all conditions so thoroughly that no conflicts will occur or no one's time be wasted. It may be possible to have several rehearsals at the same time in different places, as for example, the chorus—the principals, and special dancers. It is not a good thing to try to put the show together until all the music and lines are learned. The conductor should be careful to conserve the rehearsal time so that all music is learned equally well. He should not let the last act lag. He should also

avoid over-rehearsal of the easy parts, etc. Only the people should be called to the rehearsal who can be kept busy most or all of the time. Stage business can be greatly facilitated by making careful diagrams of the various scenes, showing the grouping, etc.

4. How shall we arrange for costumes?

Note: There can always be found people in the community who delight in arranging for costumes. This part of the production is usually the most expensive, but it can be greatly reduced by careful planning and thought. If a ward wardrobe can be established it is a very helpful thing and becomes from year to year more useful as the costumes which are made for the various productions are accumulated.

5. How shall we arrange for scenery and lights?

Note: Stage carpenters and electricians should be appointed and given full directions on all stage settings and requirements. They should be given ample time to experiment with the materials available and thereby obtain the best results. The possibilities of the cyclorama should be carefully considered in connection with non-expensive scenery.

6. What about the properties?

Note: A property man should be appointed and a complete list given to him. All properties should be checked out to the cast and chorus just as they are needed and returned promptly when not in use. Do not trust the cast or chorus to take care of their own properties except as they use them.

7. What about advertising?

Note: Some scheme should be devised which is effective in advertising the show and securing a crowd.

Systematic, careful, intelligent plan-

ning will accomplish all of the above. The fundamental aim to be realized in the opera is *Mutual Improvement*.

Appreciation

(February 18)

An outline which may be studied in connection with the music project in the various departments.

Discuss the following questions:

1. What do we mean by appreciation?
2. What is the difference between sensual pleasure and appreciation?
3. Can we appreciate more than we can do?
4. What is the relationship between musical ability and music appreciation?
5. What part does the law of association play in music appreciation?
6. What are the meanings of the terms: Good music, bad music, classical music, popular music, "jazz" music, modern music, "high-brow" music, "low-brow" music?
7. What significance has the inventions of the phonograph and the radio with respect to music appreciation?

The Common Sense of Music

(February 25)

The book review by Evangeline Beesley, on page 278, February Era, presents material which would provide a most interesting discussion. Use it in the study period of the Community Activity Committee.

Review

1. Discuss briefly the subjects of opera, music appreciation and common sense of music.
2. Analyze the situation in your ward and try to discover new possibilities for making music a splendid means of cultural recreation.

Color

BY GLENN J. BEELEY

A HARMONIOUS, interesting and distinctive use of color is vitally important to success in any creative art. Good designs and good workmanship are rendered ineffective through poor color combinations. Neither color, nor the combination of colors alone is art. We must have some form to express that which we wish to portray. To say that a particular thing pleases is not to say that it is artistic. There is a right and wrong in color combinations as there is harmony and discord in music.

New color theories are being suggested constantly by educators. Some people adopt every new theory that comes along and the result is, in most cases, very poor.

There are, however, two main the-

ories: (a) the Newton and Brewster theory, based on the theory that red, blue, and yellow are primary colors, and green, purple, and orange are secondary and (b) the Young-Helmholtz-Tyndall that the primary colors are red, green and violet. The difference between these two theories is that the Newton-Brewster theory is based on the mixture of pigments and the Young-Helmholtz-Tyndall on the spectrum. The colors of the Newton-Brewster theory are called primary because from them it is possible to obtain all other colors. The color theory which names yellow, red, and blue as the three primary colors has been proved to be very practical. Engravers base their work on this theory. By using a series of color filters our mod-

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ern photo-engravers are able to make plates which in three printings of yellow, red, and blue give us all the colors found in nature. Sometimes a fourth plate of black is added to give a picture the gray tone.

The theory we are most interested in at present is the one worked out by scientists that the primary colors are red, green, and violet.

At present we are having a great deal of color used in all objects of decoration. The handcraft workers of middle Europe and Austria are obtaining some beautiful results from the use of color combinations worked out by the scientists.

We cannot mix red and green pigments and make yellow, but it is possible to combine red rays of light with the green and get a brilliant yellow.

Nature has given us in our eyes three sets of nerves corresponding to the colors of the spectrum. One set of nerves is sensitive to green rays, one to red and one to violet. If the violet and green nerves are set in vibration we see, not green and violet separately, but blue, and if the green and red are set in vibration we see yellow.

The Spectrum Primaries are:
Red, green, violet.

Complementary are:
Red—blue; Orange—blue-violet; Yel-

low—violet; Yellow-green—purple; Green—crimson; Blue-green—scarlet.

The symbolism of color is based on the early associations of man with certain colors, and is as old as life itself. A few colors and what they supposedly stand for are:

Red—war, passion, danger; Orange—harvest, plenty, autumn, happiness; Yellow—cowardice, decay, sickness; Yellow-green—youth, cheerfulness, peace; Green—victory; Blue-green—song poetry; Blue—coldness, spirituality, truth; Blue-violet—distance; Violet—sadness, sentimentality; Purple—royalty, riches; Crimson—beauty, generosity; Scarlet—blood and anger; White—purity, sacrifice, winter; Black—death, despair, night.

Good color combinations:

Red and blue; crimson scarlet, green and blue-green; red, orange, yellow, blue, blue-violet, and violet; red, orange and yellow; purple, crimson, scarlet and green; blue-green, blue and blue-violet; blue, blue-violet, violet, purple, crimson red orange, yellow orange, yellow green and green; scarlet, green, red and black; blue-violet, violet purple and crimson.

Biology:

The Art of Colour, by Michel Jacobs.
Applied Art, by Pedro Lemas.
Fabric Decoration, by Painter's Corp.
Color, by Binney Smith.

Flowers

HARRIET Ward Beecher once said, "Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." One never knows a plant or flower until one grows it and cares for it from first to last—in all vicissitudes. The satisfaction of seeing it spring up, grow, produce its own kind of foliage and take its place among other plants, meeting the days and the seasons as they pass is beyond all measure one of life's greatest pleasures.

The purchased plant in full bloom is not so close to one's affections, nor is it an object to be exhibited as one's own.

To be a real lover of flowers, one must work. This is very essential to the real joy of gardening. It was Edgar Guest who wrote, "The man who wants a garden fair, with flowers growing here and there, must bend his back and dig. The things are mighty few on earth that wishes can attain. Whatever we want of any worth, we've got to work to gain. It matters not what goal you seek, its secret here reposes—you've got to dig, from week to week, to get results, and roses."

With the increasing specialization in all kinds of endeavor, we are in danger of lessening the range of our usefulness, and I fear, are missing

some of the real satisfaction of life. The satisfactions are the ability and willingness to do things with our own hands. We like the idea of a person sowing his own seed, transplanting the seedlings, setting out his own rose or lilac bush, handling the pruning shears, picking the bugs as well as gathering the flowers.

Plants should be a delight at any time of the year. The lilac bush has a lilac character in winter as well as spring, and barbery is barbery at any season. The seasons are an integral part of life; to one who loves the seasons, the garden is the best personal expression of them.

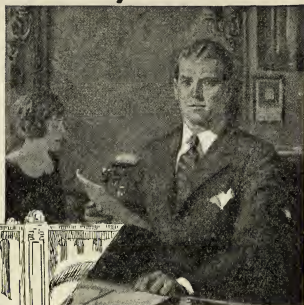
The fragile, intimate brotherhood with the earth must always have been a powerful bond with men, and an infinite resource to them, although we catch little of the feeling of it in the literature of ancient times. Men must always have responded to the wild rose, and to the tenderness of the grass. Certainly we know that men very early began to assemble blossoms about their homes and pass on seeds from friend to friend.

Flowers are recognized as being among the higher things. All great occasions need them to be complete. There is scarcely a soul but responds to blossoms, even though he knows it not. No soul passes a lily in

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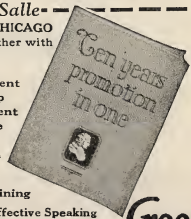
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bloom, an apple orchard in the spring, a clover field swept in red, or a good garden, but that some reflections of it enters his mind and lodges itself in some corner of the brain. It would be difficult to imagine a flowerless world.

There is much speculation as to why flowers ever came into the world, and what necessity they fulfill. But we are free to accept facts and flowers are facts. I think there must be something more than mere utility to the plan that brought blossoms into the world. But whenever they came, they are joyful things, and they are parts in the journey of life.

To know a flower well, and to grow it well are more than botany or gardening. The songs of birds.

the breath of winds, the flow of streams, the appeal of flowers are so real we are likely to forget them or to lose them; but the flowers excel them in the ease and completeness with which we may adapt them to personal needs and incorporate them into a process of life. Real utilization of leisure time is to have resources where one lives—and flower gardening is one resource. Let us plant more flowers and each year they may grow more wonderful and blossom a little longer, and as the summer winds blow down their delicate fragrance from the mountains and through the valleys we are happy because of flowers.

Note: This was given in full as a radio talk by Mrs. Norman Lloyd over K S L on the Mutual Hour, Sunday, Sept. 26.

Adult Department

COMMITTEE

A. L. Beeley; Lucy W. Smith, Chairmen J. F. Merrill F. S. Harris
L. T. Cannon L. L. Daines R. W. Bennett M. C. Kimball A. M. Cannon

How One Group Does It

TAYLORSVILLE ward, Cottonwood stake, which did such fine work last year is again to the front. On Dec. 17 a delightful Christmas social was held. During the first period, the Priesthood and the Women's sections met as usual but the combined groups met together for the second period in the recreation hall which had been made attractive by means of rugs, rocking chairs and decorations. Musical selections, sentiments, stories, talks and group singing all on Christmas theme were presented, so that everyone partook of the Yuletide spirit. Refreshments were served. About one hundred and fifty were present.

This group does not neglect the regular lessons or the project, but once each month either a social or a musicale is given. The Genealogical class cooperates in a wholesouled manner in both the project and in these social events, with the result that the entire adult group is united and a fine enthusiastic spirit prevails. Edgar Lindsay and Nellie Bennion

are the M. I. A. leaders while Brigham Haslam heads the Genealogical work.

Calendar for February

Women's Division

Feb. 4th—Notable Mothers of Scripture—*Asenath* (Adult Women's Manual.)

Feb. 11—Life Abundant—*The Prevention of Nervous and Mental Diseases*, Part 1 (Adult Women's Manual.)

Feb. 18—The Home—*Social and Intellectual Atmosphere of the Home* (Lesson 26, Gleaner Manual.) These Manuals may be borrowed from Gleaner leaders in the wards or may be purchased from the General office. Price, 20c.

Feb. 25—Society and Personality—*Culture Patterns and Personality* (Adult Women's Manual.)



Art 11

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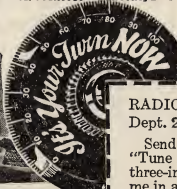
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M Men - Gleaners Department

COMMITTEE

Combined M Men and Gleaners Committees

Banquets

AT this time there is considerable comment by both M Men and Gleaners concerning their banquets. Some are holding them conjointly—others are holding separate affairs, the matter being optional. There has been one idea which has been very successful in making these banquets more enjoyable. This plan is to run a newspaper which will be issued the day of the banquet. The best method to handle it is as follows:

First, have a stake editor-in-chief and a stake business manager appointed. Then have each ward in the stake appoint a ward editor. This individual is responsible for getting all news items about the ward to the editor-in-chief who will put them into the paper. The names and addresses of all M Men or Gleaners can be put into the paper and a very satisfactory roster for the stake thus formulated. Many ideas may be incorporated in the paper to make it interesting and humorous. Just turn this matter over to the young people and they will develop a good sheet.

Each ward should also have a business manager who will solicit advertising in his ward and in this way the paper will be at least self-sustaining. In one instance, where it has been tried out, a small fund has accumulated to defray the expenses of the banquet.

In case there are no facilities to print such a paper, it can be made up on a mimeograph or typewriter. It is further recommended that short articles from prominent men in the stake be incorporated, and it has been proven that with a little thought in this matter, considerable interest will be added to the banquets.

Report of Clifton M Men- Gleaner Banquet and Ball

A dining room more beautiful and homey was never beheld. Autumn leaves furnished the wall decorations and introduced the color scheme of fall colors. Two long tables graced the hall and were laid with beautiful white linen, and each table was made a work of art by the gorgeous flowers—asters, dahlias and zinnias—which formed the centerpieces for the tables. In the flowers the color scheme was very prominent—red, yellow, white, and purple, brown and green leaves—fall colors all. Red nut cups with a border of tan were placed by each plate further aiding

the harmony of the color scheme. The tables were set for seventy people. Place cards made possible the seating without confusion, and as the party was a get-acquainted one a boy and girl were alternated with officers and bishopric and stake board. By each person's glass a napkin and program were placed. The program contained the songs to be sung by the group, and jokes giving insight into the lives of some of the Gleaners, M Men and officers.

After a delicious meal, made better by lovely toasts and songs, came the ball, beginning with the "broom waltz" to more acquaint the couples. The ball was very successful and the evening ended with prayer.

This affair was the biggest success as yet put over here. All did their share and were more than willing to do all they could to help the cause along. Everybody worked in harmony proving that the work is going over and really being put into actual use.

By Gertrude Viehweg.

Contests for M Men and Gleaners

The activities for the springtime in M. I. A. take the form of contests, to a great extent, and the time for getting into this work is close at hand. The majority of contestants in various events are naturally of M Men-Gleaner age, and these groups should already be considering the events for this year, and making decisions as to which ones they wish to enter.

Some lines of contest are restricted to M Men and Gleaners, while others are open to all members of the M. I. A., and in both kinds the older boys and girls will wish to participate.

Events:

Public Speaking, on the subject of the Slogan "We stand for the preservation of our heritage through obedience to law," is open to M Men and Gleaners only.

Male Chorus is for M Men.

Ladies' Chorus is for Gleaner and Junior Girls.

Drama, dancing, double mixed quartette, instrumental trio and orchestra are open to all, but the drama and dance contests are particularly interesting to M Men and Gleaners. Details concerning these events, and others, will be found on 13-19 of the Handbook Supplement.

It is suggested that the different

steps of the Contest dance—the Gold and Green Caprice—be learned and used widely during the rest of the season. The fox-trot and waltz steps are new and interesting, and much of charm and beauty can be introduced into social dancing if such steps as these are danced well.

Two especially interesting events are the *Play-writing* contest and the *Song writing* contest. The first offers prizes of \$100 and \$50; the other a first prize of \$50. The date for the close of the play-writing contest has been postponed to March 1st, 1930, and therefore gives every one time to get that pet idea on paper, and worked out in drama form in time. One-act plays are preferred.

Get the spirit of the contest activities. Resolve to make your stake Church winner at the grand finals next June!

Union Meetings

The M Men-Gleaner program will prove more interesting and easy if a few minutes during each monthly Union meeting could be devoted to a joint discussion of questions and problems pertaining to it. Consideration of the procedure for the regular Tuesday evening meetings for the following month, activities contemplated, project ideas all might come in for a short discussion with benefit. The appointment of committees to take care of all details of M Men-Gleaner work would assist materially in smoothing the way and increasing interest in these joint matters.

Course of Study

(For March 4)

Music Appreciation is the subject for consideration at the joint M Men-Gleaner session in March. In the February Era a review of Sigmund Spaeth's book "Common Sense in Music" is given, and this is to be used as a basis for discussion by the group. A few members could be assigned parts of the review to study ahead; or one might be given the responsibility of leading the rest in discussion. The evening has possibilities of being one of the really valuable ones of the season.

ALL high motives, ideals, conceptions and sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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Gleaner Girls Department

COMMITTEE

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Emily H. Higgs, Chairman
Rachel G. Taylor

Martha G. Smith

Sheaf and Project

For 1929-30 the Gleaner sheaf is combined with the Gleaner-M Men Project: I will contribute to the honor and happiness of my home.

Girls can be binding this sheaf the whole day long, for even a lovely thought of home contributes to its happiness. The sheaf-project is a personal thing, and should be the means of developing the beautiful personality which is one of a girl's greatest charms. A love of home and a determination to honor and contribute to its happiness is one fairly dependable assurance of a happy and useful future for any girl, for the kind of love and consideration she gives to her girlhood home determines in great measure the type of home she will make for someone else, some day.

Mission Outlines for Gleaner Work

From Basel, Switzerland, has come an outline of the Gleaner plan prepared for use in the mission, and to state that it is excellent is to put it mildly. Those instrumental in its preparation are to be commended most highly, and no doubt can exist that the Gleaner program in the Swiss-German Mission will be carried out with increased thoroughness and intelligence because of the helpful suggestions put forth.

The material was gathered from various sources—Y. L. M. I. A. Handbook, back volumes of the Young Woman's Journal, Gleaner courses of study, recreational publications etc., and presents the history of Gleaner work, its purpose, use, model, name and meaning, pin, organization, constitution and by-laws, duties of officers, sheaves and sheaf-binding.

Some of the suggested lines of study are: Home, Literature, Courtship, Art, Music, Nature, Ethics, Social Conduct, Personal Grooming, Public Speaking, and in the field of religion, The Divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, The Acts of the Apostles, The Apostasy, The Restoration, The Everlasting Covenant and Latter-day Saint Ideal of Home and Home Life.

For the activity periods, suggestions are offered in various lines, guided by the seven human urges recognized by Psychologists:

Physical Urge.

Simple indoor stunts and games; sleighing, skating, swimming, skiing, etc.

Rhythmic Urge.

Music, dancing, choruses, glee clubs and similar activities.

Dramatic Urge.

Writing, preparation and presentation of pageants, plays and tableaux.

Social Urge.

Home parties, previously discussed and planned in class.

Linguistic Urge.

Story-telling, public speaking, book reviews, etc.

Environment Urge.

Members of class, or invited speaker, who has travelled, tell of interesting features of trip.

Constructive Urge.

Creative areas, needle-craft, etc., demonstrated under direction of able leader.

The General Committee feels that this outline in full would be of great value in all missions where there is need for a group older than the Bee-Hive Girls. The office will mail copies to missions requesting them.

Gleaner Calendar for March

Mar. 4—1st period: Lesson. 2nd period: M Men-Gleaners. Music. (Page 278, February Era.)

Mar. 11—1st period: Lesson. 2nd period: Question Box.

Mar. 18—1st period: Lesson. 2nd period: Music. Singing of songs, preparation for contests, etc.

Mar. 25—1st period: Lesson. 2nd period: Optional.

TO awaken each morning with a smile brightening my face; to greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains; to approach my work with a clear mind; to hold ever before me, even in the doing of little things, the ultimate purpose toward which I am working; to meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart; to be gentle, kind and courteous through all the hours; to approach the night with weariness that ever woos sleep, and the joy that comes from work well done—this is how I desire to waste wisely my days.—Thomas Dreier.

Junior Girls Department

COMMITTEE

May Booth Talmage, Chairman Laura P. Nicholson
Agnes S. Knowlton Julia S. Baxter Marie C. Thomas

Junior Girls' Calendar for March

Mar. 4—1st period: Lesson 22, *Home-making and Motherhood*. (Junior outline, p. 6; *Young Woman's Journal*, Feb., 1929, p. 139.) 2nd period: Dramatization—Book—Retold Story.

Mar. 11—1st period: Lesson 23, *Essential Characteristics of Ideal Home-maker*. *The Man*. (Jun. outline, p. 7; *Journal*, Feb., 1929, p. 143.) 2nd period: Question Box.

Mar. 18—1st period: Lesson 24, *Essential Characteristics of Ideal Home-maker*. *The Woman*. (Jun. outline, p. 8; *Journal* for March, 1929, p. 212.) 2nd period: Travelogue.

Mar. 25—1st period: Lesson 25, *Essentials of an Ideal Home*. (Jun. outline, p. 8; *Journal* for March, 1929, p. 216.) 2nd period: Music, dancing, etc.

* * *

The dearest The fairest
The loveliest and the best
To her, I dedicate this verse
Whose charms eclipse the rest. In
loving you, dear lady, no merit is
implied, To see you is to love you,
and idolize, beside; I'm only one
of many, no special gift is mine
To capture heart and fancy of
one so near divine. But are
they all so constant? May-
hap my happy part Be
this to hold far longer
your image in
my heart
!

—Estelle Webb Thomas.



Flower Suggestions

The Junior Girls' flower-raising project has proven its value in many ways during the past two or three years. Chapels have been made beautiful, sick people have found their hearts warming, and girls have discov-

ered the exquisite joy of watching living things develop and blossom.

It is not too early to begin to think about Spring plans for gardens. Perhaps a flower-show scheduled for late Summer might stimulate interest. Such a show held in connection with the quarterly conference of the stake would add a touch of joy and beauty readily felt by the girls and all who see their flowers.

On page 288 (Feb. *Era*) is a little article on flowers which if discussed in class would doubtless impart to many Junior girls a desire and determination to start early and raise some flowers this year.

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Vanguards-Scouts Department

COMMITTEE

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German E. Ellsworth LeRoi C. Snow

Nicholas G. Smith
Ernest P. Horsley

AN interesting little publication prepared by the boys of this department has much to indicate the fact that Troop 4 of Logan is wide awake. The paper is called the *Vanguard-Scout*.

Excerpts follow:

SCOUTS HAVE SUCCESSFUL HIKE

The hike taken Saturday by the Old Ephraim and Running Deer Patrols was a great success. The Patrol Leaders left early in the morning and set a trail for the others who came later to follow. Every piece between here and the river was crossed at least once, we are not saying how much pants material was left on the barbs.

The trail was laid in such a way that the Scouts had to know their tracking to follow it. The tracks led, in a round-about way, to the river which was the destination. While the Patrol Leaders cooked Hunter's Stew and "Twist," Scouts Ben Baxter, Von Baxter, Fay Hawkes, Billy Baugh, Lloyd McDonald and Delwyn Thomas passed their fire building test. The remainder of the time was spent in skating and playing hockey.

ACCEPTANCE

The Scouts of Troop 4 accept with pleasure the invitation of the Vanguards to join them in the publication of their paper which will now be called the *Vanguard Scout*. We will do anything we can for the progress of the paper.

(Signed) THAIN CARLISLE,
VAUGHN POND.
(Patrol Leaders)

Santa Claus knew his onions when he left Scout Billy Baugh a wheelbarrow.

THE VANGUARD-SCOUT IS
PUBLISHED BY THE VAN-
GUARDS AND SCOUTS OF
TROOP 4, LOGAN, UTAH.

STAFF

Scoutmaster..... Peter A. C. Pedersen
Editor..... Eugene Gardner
Cartoonist..... Adrian Morrell
Scout Patrol Leaders.....

..... Thain Carlisle, Vaughan Pond

DAY IN AND DAY OUT

A Boston paper offered a prize for the paragraph that had given the greatest inspiration and help. Lines from Tennyson and others were sent in by

the hundred. The letter that gained the prize was as follows:

"I am only a boy, and boys' opinions are not respected by most grown-ups; but we have them, just the same.

"The paragraph which helps me the most is the Boy Scout Oath, as follows:

"On my honor, I will do my best:

"1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law.

"2. To help other people at all times.

"3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

VANGUARD INSIGNIA

The arrowhead is typical of the Indian and carries with it the love of conquest and adventure; it is of the out-of-doors and was made and used by a race of people that knew the language of nature because they lived with her. The upturned arrowhead is an emblem of peace and good will, a token of confidence used often by the Indians to express welcome to the early Vanguards of civilization.

YOU NEED A LID—BUY A SCOUT HAT

Roldo Dutson's tonsils have recently been affected with "litus."

LOCALS

First Aid Needed:

Scout Thain Carlisle's brown dog, "Mutt," seems to be "bitting on three." It is in misery in its present condition; can't we either give it some first aid or finish the job?

YOU GOTTA WEAR PANTS Buy SCOUT Pants

A Wayward Sheep:

Some time ago, a sheep belonging to Scout Earl England took a short vacation. Earl canvassed the ward with a flash-light on the evening of its escape but after a two-day search, it came back of its own accord. There must not have been a better master in town.

YOU GOTTA HAVE A SHIRT Buy A SCOUT Shirt

Realistic Decoration:

Scout Grant Foster did such a good job at decorating his Christmas tree that his little brother, Wayne, took one of the ornaments for an apple and tried to eat it.

YOU GOTTA HAVE SOX

Buy SCOUT SOX

An Honest Thief:

Scout Clyde Carlisle has just put one over on the stamp companies by sending for approval sheets, taking the "tempter" which was a few hundred stamps in each case and sending the approvals back. It seems to be working fine as he has acquired quite a collection by that method.

SINCE YOU GOTTA WEAR CLOTHES

Make it a UNIFORM

THE NEW MEETING HOUSE

The Bishop is not making any promises but "It might so happen" that, when the whole building is finished, the Scouts will get the two rooms on the west upstairs. These are the two best rooms in the building for our purposes as they are plenty large enough for all kinds of games and they are far enough away from the main hall that the Mutual President will not have to pay us a visit every five minutes.

We will probably be allowed to lock at least one of these rooms off from the rest of the building and not be in danger of having all our things wrecked by the primary children every time that primary is held.

During the late fall, the plans for the remodeling of the old meeting house have been completed. The building has taken approximately \$14,000, of which the Church has paid \$7,000. Most of the assessments put in by the ward have been paid in work, none of the original savings of the ward having been used.

Plans are being made to have a social in the newly-finished house on the evening of December 31. This will be the first gathering held in the hall for some time, it is expected that most of the ward members will come. Scout Executive Pond will be in charge of the games.

A new building will be erected next summer. All Scouts and Vanguards are urged to put in as much time on it as they possibly can.

AN EYE FOR BUSINESS

Scout Adrian Morrell has just showed some good business reasoning in putting over a rabbit deal. It seems that both he and Wendell owned a rabbit. Adrian sold his for the worthy price of 5c, Wendell held out for a better price and in the holding, his rabbit died. We hope that when he is old enough, Wendell will take some Vanguard training and be able to compete with his brother on business deals.

Leadership

The breezy, boyish style of the excerpts above, taken from the little paper published by the boys of Troop 4, at Logan, carries the spirit of friendliness which should characterize all Scout-Vanguard groups, and which is easily developed under sympathetic, understanding leadership. A careful study of the material on pages 300 to 305 of the M. I. A. Handbook will help new leaders to understand better the problems of the young adolescent boy.

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| 826 | Super Quality Rayon..... | 2.75 | 90 Extra Hvy. Coarse Cot..... |
| | | | 970 Med. Light Silk Stripe..... |
| | | | 9107 Wool and Cotton Mix..... |

For MEN

| No. | | No. | |
|-----|-----------------------------|------|---------------------------------|
| 81 | Flat Weave..... | 55 | 12 Ribbed Med. Light..... |
| 82 | Ribbed Light Weight..... | 1.25 | 93 Ribbed Extra Fine..... |
| 83 | Fine Quality Cotton..... | 1.50 | 16 Med. Heavy Cotton..... |
| 862 | Fine Mercerized Lisle..... | 1.95 | 825 Med. Wt. Extra Qual..... |
| 822 | Silk Stripe, Med. Wt..... | 1.50 | 974 Med. Heavy Unbleached |
| 821 | Extra Fine Silk Stripe..... | 1.95 | Cotton..... |
| 870 | Silk Stripe, Part Wool..... | 2.50 | 975 Med. Heavy Wt. Cotton..... |
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Bee Hive Girls Department

COMMITTEE

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Sarah R. Cannon

Vida F. Clawson

Project: I Will Put my Best Effort into Everything I Do

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that the thing we have thoroughly learned, we never entirely forget. For example, if a girl were to commit to memory the ten commandments, beatitudes, articles of faith, etc., in her youth, only a brief review would be needed in after years to make them clear in her mind again. This is equally true of other things—any undertaking into which we put our best effort will yield the greatest good throughout life.

The project for the Bee-Hive Girls this year is important in that it lays the foundation for thoroughness. Once a girl has made this an ideal for a year, and worked toward it, she has assured for herself a degree of satisfaction not to be surpassed.

TO BEE-KEEPERS.

In presenting the project to the class, use all the tact and diplomacy at your command. In adolescence, self-government, social pressure and group consciousness are far more powerful influences than are preaching, lecturing, or moralizing. Draw out from the girls themselves expressions of their ideas and attitudes, and proper direction on your part will guide the discussion along desirable lines. Certain points should be mentioned:

1—What are the activities which concern a girl of 14 or 15? Home, school and church are among the most important.

2—Which phases of these activities should be stressed?

a—At Home—

The spirit of the home depends upon the spirit of all who dwell therein, and happiness attends consideration of others. Some suggestions follow:

1—Honoring the rights of family members by not using their belongings without permission (cell 250).

2—Determining ways in which proper respect can be shown to parents, and observing them (cells 35, 251).

3—Refraining from borrowing (cell 252).

4—Answering courteously questions put to you by other members of the family (cell 258).

5—Leaving all articles and places used by you cleaner than you found them—wash bowls, book-shelves, drawers, etc. (cell 260).

6—Entertaining and caring for small brothers and sisters (cells 36, 313, 314, 316, 317, 325).

7—Making sweet and clean the rooms in which the family gathers.

8—Helping with the housekeeping to make it easier for mother (cells 129, 153, 178, 194-5, 201, 204-12, 216-17).

9—Remembering that the family that plays together, stays together, and doing your part to make play possible and joyous in the home.

b—At School—

1—Taking care of yourself with regard to diet, exercise and habits (cells 330-40, 344-49).

2—Successfully preparing lessons, and satisfactorily discharging all duties.

3—Developing wholesome, fair relationships with teachers, fellow students and friends (cells 37, 41, 42).

4—Sharing responsibilities and being dependable in all recreational activities.

c—At Church—

1—Being on time at all meetings attended.

2—Showing reverence in houses of worship by keeping quiet, paying attention, leaving gum outside, remaining until close of services, removing hats during meetings, and taking part when asked.

3—Making more sure of benefits and blessings of the Church by knowing more about them, and striving to become more worthy of them (cells 64-9, 74-9.) (All of the cells mentioned are given merely as suggestions in helping you to put over the project).

By the time the foregoing points have been drawn out and discussed, together with numerous others which the girls will include, a fairly workable idea of the value of the project will be developing in the hearts of the Bee-Hive girls. You are beginning the work of the centennial year of the Church, and if each girl would have a part in proclaiming the wonder of it to the world, let her put her best effort into everything she does, thus proving herself a worthy member of a glorious Church.

Prepare Now for Promotion and Graduation

Girls who find delight in Bee-Hive work are girls who make progress in it from week to week and from month to month. Some cells which are the most valuable take considerably longer to fill than do others. It is well to begin on these early so that their completion will be assured. Particularly is it advised that all foundation cells be finished in good time. When one Bee-Keeper was asked why all the Builders were not being promoted she said that at the last moment it was discovered that certain ones had not completed all

the cells necessary. When should this have been checked on? Obviously, in February or March rather than in May. Look into the situation *now*. Bee-Keepers; decide *now*, you and your girls, that all Builders are to complete the work of this rank and become Gatherers, and that all Gatherers are to be graduated at the end of the present M. I. A. season.

Calendar for February

Builders—
Feb. 4—Guide XVIII—National Anthem.
Feb. 11—Guide XIX—Bathing the Baby.
Feb. 18—Guide XXI—Textiles.
Feb. 25—Open.
Gatherers—
Feb. 4—Guide XVIII—Civic Responsibility.
Feb. 11—Guide XIX—Home Evening.
Feb. 18—Guide XXI—Taste the Sweetness of Service.
Feb. 25—Open.

Calendar for March

Builders—
Mar. 4—Guide—Mending.
Mar. 11—Guide XXIII—Understand Beauty.
Mar. 18—Guide XXIV—Beauty in the Home.
Mar. 25—Open.
Gatherers—
Mar. 4—Guide XXII—Service.
Mar. 11—Guide XXIII—Nature's Phenomena.
Mar. 18—Guide XXIV—Reading Course.
Mar. 25—Open.

The Bee-Hive Committee is pleased to announce the Folk Dance to be used in contest for the Bee-Hive girls. This little dance, called *The Road to Auvergne*, is the dramatization of a French peasant song, and to make it interesting, action and pantomime must be put into it. The dance tells the story of a lover and his sweetheart, who first skip in happily together and play. Soon the girl attempts to run away but the boy catches her, pulls her back, and attempts to kiss her. She resents this and gives him a severe rebuff. He then becomes angry and runs from her, but she coaxes him to play with her again and the frolic continues to the end.

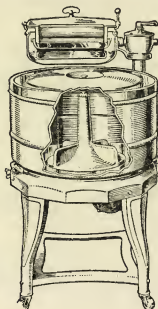
Music and directions for the dance may be obtained free of charge from the General Board of Y. L. M. I. A., 33 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

We hope that many Stakes will conduct this contest. The dance is not difficult and the Bee-Hive girls are sure to enjoy it very much.

GOD be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and the greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton

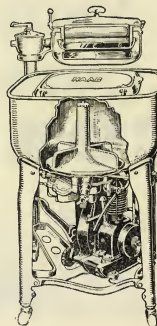
will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society, in the place where I live.

—Wm. Ellery Channing: *Self-Culture*.



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Out of the Burning

(Continued from page 257)

knitting. Curly dropped her book, and grabbing the bucket, went out into the night. The old grandmother raised a "hush finger" and a sonorous, rollicking song drifted in:

"I traded my calf and got me a mole
An' the blooming thing run in its hole!"

Granny followed Curly out of the house. Standing in the shadow she heard the creak of the windlass and the splash of pouring water. She waited for Curly to appear, but a startled, muffled cry came instead. Like a creature of the wilds, old Granny Turner dashed down the slight incline and struck sharply at the dark form that was forcibly embracing Curly.

"Abe Walters, youns leave that thar least one be," she commanded. "Whar's Millie? Youns been a settin' up with her."

"I aims ter marry Curly," sulkily the young man admitted his motive. "Weuns kin get married tomorrow."

"Youns best marry Millie. Curly ain't fur youns."

"Millie's over smart. She hit me—she did."

The old woman gave the youth a violent shove into the dark. Taking the bucket in one hand and the frightened Curly by the other, she disappeared into the house.

The others were abed. "Youns go ter bed," she directed. "In the mornin', crawl out early. I'll push youns. Put on yer best things. Youns is agoin' fur a right smart walk."

The bewildered, frightened Curly followed her Granny's instructions. She did not undress. They always slept in their clothes. She did not even dare to use the precious toothbrush. She crept in beside Millie, who turned toward her with a stifled sob.

"O Curly, I wisht I nary went anuttin' with Abe," she whispered. "I'm afeared ter tell Pa." Finally Millie fell asleep but mumbled troubled thoughts all night.

"Seven times eight is fifty-four,"

she muttered, and later, "Abe ain't so good. He's afeared too."

BEFORE dawn Curly felt her Granny nudge her. She rose obediently, dressed in her best as ordered, ate the food thrust upon her. Together the two went outdoors into the chilly dawn. Down in the cellar Granny pulled and twisted at a rock in the floor until she loosened it. Then she drew out a tin box and handed it to Curly. She also thrust a ragged piece of paper into her hand. "This hyar's the name o' that thar Town Lady. Youns go thar and give her this hyar box. Youns stay thar always. Don't youns never come back hyar."

CURLY stood transfixed until the old grandmother gave her a little shove toward the distant town. "Youns go down the holler, past the mail box and the spring hole, and keep agoin'. When youns gets ter town, ask whar the Town Lady stays. Right smart folks will tell yer. Hyar's vittles."

Torn between loyalty to the unhappy Millie and affection for the foster child who had "larnin'," the old grandmother gave the trembling child a scant, meagre kiss. And Curly Turner, carrying a portentous tin box under one arm, and a generous supply of corn bread and fatty pork under the other, passed out of Crow's Nest forever.

(To be continued)



An American Prince

(Continued from page 270)

the pure in heart, and this they seek. It cannot be said that everyone to whom the priceless gift of the Gospel of Jesus Christ has come is endeavoring to live up to its highest requirements; but it can be said, and truthfully, that uncounted numbers are holding high before them the newly-revealed truths, as a light to guide them along the way which they must travel. Every step is made clear to them, for the torch they hold leaves no corners dark, leads into no by and forbidden paths.

THESE are the true Princes of America. The divine right to live by the laws of the King of Kings is theirs, and by proving this right, they proclaim the royalty of the line in which they are descended.

It is said of the bees that the Queen is no different from any other bee, except that in infancy she is fed the royal food which, when assimilated and incorporated into her body makes of her a superior being and a ruler. How truly might this be said of a boy born into the Church of Jesus Christ. No different is he from any other boy, except that through childhood and youth he is fed the spirit-food of the Gospel, which, when absorbed, gives finer soul-texture, greater soul-light, and makes of him a royal son.

AN American Prince—generous, courageous, idealistic; walking in the light of inspiration and guided by the hand of faith! Strength he finds in his convictions, and glad and grateful is he for a knowledge of God, and his own relationship to him. May every one of them realize his royal lineage, and glorying in the power it gives, glorify the power which gave it.

To Poets

Clive Lovett Cleaves

DESPISE if you like
Your earlier, weaker efforts
To beguile the Parnassian muse.
As for me I cannot help but feel
Tenderly towards mine own;
However feeble-minded they appear
When placed among my later family
I cherish them as markers
Along the weary road I have traveled.
They serve to warn me against
Over-weening birth-love.
For this I love them.

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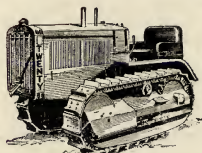


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CATERPILLAR

Bridger Again Fights the Indians

(Continued from page 260)

In this, however, they were disappointed and found themselves driven back to shelter, leaving one or two men dead upon the clearing. Just who would have been left to report the fight can hardly be guessed had not reinforcements arrived the next day. The Blackfeet warriors being routed fled southward. Beckwourth reports the casualties at four trappers killed and seven wounded, and seventeen Blackfoot scalps. More than one hundred Indians were slain, but their bodies had been carried away by their retreating tribesmen, who hurried southward toward some mountain streams near what is now Centerville. Thus as far as the records show, ended the first Indian fight in Davis county.

ASHLEY with his three hundred pack animals, soon came trailing to the rendezvous on the Weber. Can we imagine ourselves west of the present thriving city of Ogden, 1826, some twenty-one years ahead of the "Mormons," gathered at the rendezvous among a motley crowd of several hundred white men, many of whom were lodged with their Indian squaws and half-breed children? Here camped on every side were more than four thousand Snake Indians, having arrived to participate in the festivities of the grand celebration, for neither they nor anyone else had forgotten the wild scenes of the year before on the Green river. Now that the days of trading were at hand, the place became a Wild West show all by itself. Beckwourth informs us, "It may well be supposed that the arrival of such a vast amount of luxuries from the east did not pass off without a general celebration," closing his description with, "All sorts of extravagances that white man or Indian could invent, were freely indulged in. The unpacking of the medicine water (alcohol) contributed not a little to the heightening of our festivities."

longing to the group of real "mountain men" kept themselves somewhat aloof from the regular gambling "stake setters" of the morally loose, dissipating free trappers. That there was a wild element at the rendezvous, all writers agree. Many of the white men were themselves but French-Canadian half-breeds, born of a French father and mothered in squaw fashion, but possessing intelligence a bit superior to their half-brothers, and were thus brought into the list of "free traders." This was the group generally hated by organized trappers who were presided over by a "Bourgeois," the manager of a fur-trading expedition. Many of these half-breeds, never having come in contact with more civilization than could be seen in the tents of the white man, were themselves as savage as the red men, satisfied at securing food and shelter in the most primitive fashion and cooking and eating in real wilderness style.

We are told that when Bridger and his men arrived with the scalps of the Blackfeet from the south, "the savagery of even a trapping party, made up largely of half-breeds, squaw men, and Indian women and children, is shown in the scalp dance indulged in at the rendezvous on the arrival of the victors. The Snake Indians instantly fell into the celebration of the scalp dance against their old enemies. Bemoaning the fact that they could not have been present at the battle, the Snakes contributed to the hilarity, making a wild scene." Not only did the men twist and turn, brandishing knives and tomahawks, keeping time to their own glottal war song, but the women, and children as well, danced until exhausted, shouting their hate for the Blackfeet.

ON the second day of mirth and trading, amid scenes of dancing, riding, shooting, fighting and now and then a killing, the Blackfeet, still enraged over their recent defeat, swooped down upon the outskirts of the Ogden village, killed and scalped five Snake Indians and made off to the eastward, concealing themselves behind the

AS has been shown in a previous article, such leaders as General Ashley, Jedediah S. Smith, Bridger, Sublette, Fitzpatrick, Jackson, Provot, and others be-

bluffs and willows of the Weber. At this rude interruption, the friendly Snake chief, hurrying to Sublette exclaimed, "Cut Face, [possibly a scar gave Sublette this name] three of my warriors and two women have been killed by the Blackfeet! You say your warriors can fight—that they are great braves. Now let me see them fight, that I may know your words are true."

INDEED, you shall see them fight," angrily declared the white chief, as more than three hundred cool but anxious mountaineers made for their guns, "And then you shall know they are braves—that I have no cowards among my men, and that they are all ready to die for their Snake friends." Seeing such an inviting moment for dealing revenge upon the Blackfeet, the Snake warriors flocked to the bluffs by the hundreds, most of them well armed with muskets and rifles, tomahawks and scalping knives. Beckwourth tells us that the battle was a severe loss to the Blackfeet, as the trappers concealed themselves, fighting from rocks and ridges for more than six hours. Being routed the foes withdrew up the river, "leaving as trophies one hundred seventy-three warriors with scalps for the trappers, besides much war material. Several trappers were wounded, but none killed; while of the Snakes eleven were killed. The victory was the occasion for an inordinate scalp dance, lasting some days." We are told that Jim Bridger, who had now been a mountain man four full years, manipulated his rifle so dextrously, crawling cat-like from blind to blind and shooting with such unusual marksmanship, that he came in for many praises while the affair lasted. Can you see him, twenty-two years old, with dark complexion, long hair, a full growth of whiskers, buckskin moccasins, with pants, shirt and cap to match, standing full six feet, a regular mountaineer swing to his gait? Little did he imagine at that time that he was becoming the "Daniel Boone" of the Rockies, and that a hundred years later, students would be searching volumes to learn of his every movement and writing it into American history.

When the fighting, dancing, singing, drinking and boasting ended and the buying, selling and

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trading was about over, General Ashley, Jedediah Smith, Sublette and Jackson drew up some contracts and signed them, turning over to the three latter men all the rights of the great chief, Ashley. Here we are told by the general "near the Grand Lake west of the Rockies, on July 26, 1826" that the papers were duly transferred and that he was leaving the trapping game forever.

IN the evening, following the signing of the papers, several hundred mountaineers gathered at Ogden's first great "Community Camp," waiting for the general to issue from his deer-skin lodge to bid them farewell. Beckwourth reports his speech as follows: "Mountaineers and friends! When I first came to the mountains, I was a poor man. You, by your indefatigable exertions, toils, and privations, have procured for me an independent fortune. With ordinary prudence in the management of what I have accumulated, I shall never want for anything. For this, my friends, I feel myself under great obligations to you. Many of you have served with me personally, and I shall always be proud to testify to the fidelity with which you have stood by me through all danger, and the friendly and brotherly manner which you have ever, one and all, evinced toward me. For these faithful and devoted services, I wish you to accept my thanks; the gratitude I express to you springs from my heart, and will retain a lively hold on my feelings. My friends! I am about to leave you to take up my abode in St. Louis. Whenever any of you return thither, your first duty must be to call at my house, to talk over the scenes of peril we have encountered, and partake of the best cheer my table can afford.—Farewell mountaineers and friends! May God bless you all!" As far as is known, the next public address to be delivered in the Great Salt Lake Valley, was twenty-one years later, lacking one day, July 25, 1847, near the present site of the City and County Building, Salt Lake City, at ten o'clock Sunday morning on the inside of a circle of travel-worn wagons. Here the first formal Christian worship began in the Great Basin. The morning speakers were Elders George A. Smith, Heber C. Kimball, and Ezra T. Benson; then in

the afternoon, following the passing of the sacrament, Wilford Woodruff, Orson Pratt, Willard Richards and Brigham Young spoke. At the close of his remarks, President Young had the people stand, some 170 in number, and give their thrilling "Temple Shout" as taught them by the Prophet Joseph. One cannot help contrasting this worshipping group to the hilarious band of trappers on the Weber two decades before.

Education

An engine once refused to go
Just what the cause none seemed to know;
An expert engineer was called
To find out why that engine stalled.
Picked up a hammer, gave a rap,
The engine started at the tap.
The expert then made out his bill
Which almost made the owners chill.
While others there looked on and wondered
The manager still fumed and thundered.

"Now, my dear sir, please do not holler!
For *hammer rap* I charge one dollar.
For rest of bill (the pleasure's mine)
Knowing where to rap, three-ninety-nine.
You see, my friend, I've been to college
And had to pay to get that knowledge;
So you are now upon the rack
To help me get that money back;
And whether I am wise or blundered,
The total cost is just four hundred."

Just like the falls Niagara.
The world's a great menagerie.
If you can box up in a shell
To shoot the falls and do it well
And land in safety after all
Regardless of the rapid fall,
Then you have 'scaped fool's destiny
And landed where you ought to be.

But chance of one in eighty-eight
You'll not escape a common fate.
You'll shoot straight up into the sky
Without a pause to reason why;
And when you get up there to dwell
You'll find that ignorance is—well—
That such bravado does not count
In place where angels scarcely mount.

O boy, if I could make you feel
The sharpened edge of tempered steel
That brings success without delay
To those who pass the time away,
In vision clear as morning dawn
That sharpened edge to look upon.
I'd temper both your mind and thought
In lesson ne'er to be forgot—
That education is the wedge
To ope the door against all dredge.

—Levi N. Harmon

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